

COLLIER'S

For August 15, 1903

Containing a Short Story by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The Bonds of Discipline,"
and a Double-Page Drawing in Color, "A Summer Cavalcade," by Henry Hutt



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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

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New York, Saturday, August 15, 1903

CONTENTS

Cover Design	Drawn by Charlotte Harding	
Editorials		4-5
Men and Doings.	Illustrated with Photographs	6
The Focus of the Time.	Photographs	7
The Bonds of Discipline.	Story by Rudyard Kipling	8
	Illustrated by A. I. Keller	
A Summer Cavalcade.	Double-Page Drawing by Henry Hutt	10-11
Pope Pius X.	With Portrait by Ralph D. Paine	14
Caught Napping	by Herbert E. Hamblen	15
A Case of the Inevitable.	Story by Eleanor H. Porter	16
	Illustrated by Anna E. Rice	
As the Germans See Us		17
	Illustrated with Cartoons	
Uncle Sam as a Fish Farmer	by Dr. Hugh M. Smith	19

Contributions by Kipling

IN the present issue our space is devoted more liberally than usual to fiction. We print this week Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story "The Bonds of Discipline," announced in these columns some time ago. This is the first story from Mr. Kipling's pen that has appeared in any periodical in a long time, and we are pleased to be able to announce that we shall offer to our readers two more excellent stories by the same author: "A Tabu Tale," which will appear in our issue of August 29th, the September Household Number, and "Their Lawful Occasions," which will appear early in October. The present story is as humorous a piece of fiction as Mr. Kipling has ever written. "Their Lawful Occasions" is, like the present tale, a story of the British navy, but entirely different in theme from "The Bonds of Discipline." "A Tabu Tale" can be compared more nearly to the well-known "Just So" stories than to any other of Mr. Kipling's writings. The fiction for next week will be a charming story by Miss Virginia Tracy, called "The Lotus Eaters," a pleasing narrative of the dull season in New York. The illustrations are by Orson Lowell.

The Lion's Mouth Contest for August

MANY of the contributors to *The Lion's Mouth* competitions have hinted at changes they would like to see in the form, type arrangement, appearance, and printing of *COLLIER'S*. The time has now arrived for serious consideration of these things, for we are installing new presses and new folding machinery, and propose some decided changes in type and arrangement. Therefore the questions this month are but two in number, and confine themselves to the aspect of the make-up.

- 1 Which of the five numbers for August do you like best from the standpoint of printing and typographical arrangement, and why?
- 2 What suggestions have you to make for the improvement of *Collier's* on these lines?

This will enable all our readers to state any objections they may have to the present arrangement or appearance of the paper and to suggest ways for improvement. We desire all possible help from our readers in this respect, and the prizes of \$329.00 for the month should stimulate all to their best endeavor. There is also a prize, \$1,000.00 in cash, for the best suggestion during the year, and this could very well fall to an idea involving the arrangement or appearance of the paper.

The contest will close on September 5th, and the announcement of prize-winners will be made in the October Household Number, dated September 26th.

A Ten Dollar Prize for a Photograph

COLLIER'S WEEKLY will pay liberally for photographs to be used in "The Focus of the Time." Photographers, both professional and amateur, in all parts of the world are invited to submit pictures. Those that can not be used by us will be returned. Such as are available will be paid for and an additional prize of ten dollars will be awarded to the best photograph published during the month. The two points which will be considered principally in the selection of the prize photograph will be the importance of the picture as a news event, and the quality of the photograph itself. All photographs must bear on the reverse side the date, the name of sender, and explanatory note of the incident with date. Photographs should be addressed to "Art Editor, Collier's Weekly, New York."

Extra Prints of the "Consistory" Picture

The extraordinary demand for extra prints of the beautiful double-page picture in colors of "The Pope Holding a Consistory," which appeared in *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* of July 18th, has led us to print an extra edition. Copies of the picture, unmounted and unfolded, will be mailed to any address, in a cardboard tube, for eight 2-cent stamps; additional copies to the same address, to cents each. Proof copies, from original plates, embossed and mounted on heavy gray cardboard for framing, by express prepaid, for Two Dollars each. Address,

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MOB IS AN ILL-BORN WORD. It has no proper lineage. It is merely the first syllable, chopped off, of the Latin *mobile vulgus*, the easily moved common crowd, or rabble. In genealogy, it is worse than "bike," "in hock," or "poco man." In spite of its low birth, it is a good word, all the same, for it arouses the right feeling for the thing it names. A mob is a crowd dominated by the bestial side of man. When men come together, and create one personality for the crowd, they become better or worse than single men. The greatest heroism, the most entire devotion, are shown usually by groups of people. The Christian martyrs were made strong by sympathy. The warrior and the fireman are made bold by the accumulated pride and courage of the whole. Unhappily, we can multiply evil by association even more easily than we can multiply good. "Leading citizens" appear at lynchings, and become no

MOBS

better than the professional criminals to whom they become temporarily the companions in crime. Would any one of these more civilized mob units go off by himself, tie a human being to the stake, and gloat over curling flesh and appalling agony? We wholly agree with Professor James that the most deterrent step to take would be the trial and hanging of one of these "respectable" participants in murder. Such a punishment would arouse people all over the country to the realization that they can not safely take advantage of a revengeful spree by a mob to share the excitement of crime. The dominant tough members of the lynchings are of secondary importance. Like other criminals, they could be kept within bounds if they had no influential allies. One Illinois sheriff was bold enough to uphold the law. What we need are officers of justice equally beyond cowardice. If St. Louis should some day have a torture party, we imagine Mr. Folk would send a few leading citizens to their last accounting.

WHERE LAW ENDS, TYRANNY BEGINS. The statesman who spoke these words pictured the poor man's cottage, frail, with shaking roof. The storms may enter; the rain may enter; but, against the law, the King of England can not enter. "All his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement." English colonists brought to America nothing more precious than the Common Law of England. That law embodies the calm wisdom, the bold justice, the self-control of a strong race. English colonists flew to arms in defence of laws which Englishmen had won. Unswerving respect for the rights of every man to be tried in form, with impartial justice in control, is a very cornerstone in the sterling English nature. When France, excited with hatred of the Jews, hounds an army officer with a travesty

A GREAT INHERITANCE

of law, England and America realize what it means to have a legal procedure which moves in the high air of freedom, blind to every consideration but the eternal truth, deaf to passing frenzies, bearing the same sword for great and small. Without this foundation on the rock of justice no such term as Anglo-Saxon superiority would ever have been heard. When George Washington saw that certain mobs intended to handle the whiskey situation to suit themselves, he sent a body of United States troops which speedily convinced the rioters that young America was not to be governed by any lawless band which chose to decide for themselves which among the people's laws they would obey. Law and liberty are mates. The same instinct which made Washington so deferential to the Congress, even in time of war, made him unflinchingly severe toward the lawless. His, indeed, was the very type of law-abiding strength which has been the backbone of the race from which we sprang.

GOD MADE THE COUNTRY, and man made the town, contains about as much truth as "God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks." We would dispense with towns no more than with cooks, but it is a misfortune that the advantages of towns are so much more felt by the poorer classes, immigrant and native, than the charms of country life. Anything which makes farming more attractive increases national stability. Much that made farming dismal is growing less. Wages are advancing. Hours are shortening. Labor, with the new machinery, is now light and interesting. Isolation and ennui have decreased with transit facilities, newspapers, and cheap books. Our schools and colleges should do their share to lend attractions to the farm, not only in agricultural courses and agricultural colleges, but in ordinary text-books, which should be permeated as much with agriculture as with commerce. Arithmetics keep boys calculating how many yards of cloth they could buy at twenty cents a yard, compared to the number of barrels of cement at two dollars a barrel, but eggs and potatoes, those city staples, are about the only rural products in our elementary text-books. Country life has

FARM LIFE

aspects which have earned devotion from the highest minds. Now that the first fever of commercial zeal promises to abate, this love of nature may develop in enough of our countrymen to supply the farming districts with a large and sterling population. It was "the embattled farmers" who won our independence. Enlightened patriotism to-day calls for every favor to country life. The manufacturer and the laborer, rather than the farmer, have thus far received help from the Government and from the nation's thought and ingenuity. Our hordes of southern Europeans would be more welcome if, instead of pouncing on the slums, they scattered themselves through the broad land and learned attachment to the soil.

CIVILIZED JURISPRUDENCE was a phrase used in an English court the other day to contrast the divorce laws of England with those of America, and specifically of South Dakota. That region the speaker called "half settled," as a sweeter term than half civilized. For a woman, nurtured in Belgravia, to proceed to South Dakota's wilds, pretend to be a resident, and secure a "so-called divorce," would be what was caustically described as "a fraud on civilized jurisprudence." Such language brings into prominence a view of our divorce laws and customs which is independent of any theories about the right or wrong of divorce itself. We hesitate to interfere with a flourishing Dakota industry, and yet know not how to answer the charge that our jurisprudence in relief of marriage is uncivilized. The English view is that, although a nation may make divorce the legal consequence of certain faults, it is not exalted or civilized to allow people to obtain a decree by committing perjury. Such permission is setting the reward for fraud too high. Opposed to this view is the opinion of the beneficiaries and supporters of a custom which turns the courts into complaisant and mercenary aids to perjury and fraud. To these people our State systems form an admirable device to sell divorce on any pretext to all who have money to travel, remain idle, and pay fees. The lawyer only needs to stand right with judges and referees. The English lady, whose case has enlivened this question, paid for a Dakota outing, but the heartless British court charged the gentleman whom she calls her second husband with \$125,000, as damages for alienating the wife's affections. It also convicted the lady of fracturing the seventh commandment. The English courts will not shut their eyes to flagrant collusion. They do not intend to have divorce bought by any man or woman with the price. Divorce to them is a serious and extreme relief. In this country the get-divorced-easy system is bulwarked by the class which is used to every luxury and impatient of all restraint. Law is ignored by them as completely as it is by mobs. They bear false witness and debauch the courts.

TWO VIEWS OF DIVORCE

TWO VIEWS OF FRIENDSHIP are held by men in office. The less popular creed is that a man gifted with a public trust should give one treatment to friends and strangers. This view is not dominant in American politics. The whole machine system is supported by interchange of courtesies and "pie." Often the friendship is not mercenary. It is unmixed with any sense of benefits to come. If, for instance, a man has conducted a regiment and let you reap the glory, what can you do, when fortune falls your way, except rush him toward the head of the army? You may plant a sense of injustice, discouragement, and distrust among officers and men, but you have proved the nature of your friendship, which is a nearer and warmer thing than the welfare of an army or the rights of men whose lives of hope and effort mean nothing to you. Some men are rendered so solemn by office and responsibility that they lose this ability to sacrifice public welfare upon the altar of acquaintance, but they are rare. Some, like Lord Salisbury, apparently believe that nothing, under any circumstances, could fit the country so well as a deluge of more relatives. One of our recent Presidents, less fortunate in his kin, was compelled to limit his fraternal graft. The Governor of our largest State seems to have been frightened from the generous impulse to pardon a convict in memory of his father. There are so many convicts who have no social liens on a Governor that it seems a pity for one prisoner to be thwarted in so rare an opportunity. Friendship and money thus open the avenues to promotion and the doors from prison. Bribes are well enough for the vulgar offices, and they sometimes reach as high as Senatorships or diplomatic posts abroad, but a much nobler method, if one wishes to win a handicap from his fellows in the race, is to select friends who may afterward fill offices of great power and trust.

ADVANTAGES OF FRIENDSHIP

TWO SONNETS BY THE POPE, published in Italian papers, seem to have been written at the beginning of his final illness. One, to Saint Anselm, in the Pope's usual dignified Latin verse, has little interest of thought, but the other, a nocturne, is more



living and more personal, filled as it is with approaching death. The fatal hour draws near. It is time to part. In the eternity to which he goes, the Pope will be judged according to his pre-eminent opportunity. Why so great fear? His life, passing before his memory, leaves him sad; but the pitying Christ is with him. "Ah, believe. To humility and repentance, he will forgive all fault." The Pope not only lived and died in the spirit of his religion, but he was able to leave the record of his spiritual life behind, in verses of which some bring us close to the man, and to his lofty and simple thoughts of life and death. To another poet who has just died, death was the nurse who took in her arms the

LEO'S LAST POETRY

tired child. Thanking "whatever gods there be" for his "unconquerable soul," Henley expressed a temper much like that of our own Ironquill, "unafraid" before the human fate; much like Omar also, with his scornful "man's forgiveness give—and take." Leo's spirit differed from these poets as Christian differs from pagan. Man, of whatever faith, fears death. With the pagan, fear is controlled by proud defiance. With the Christian, it is tempered by meekness and belief. But it is always there, and it is one of the most fruitful causes of poetry. Death and love are the poet's constant topics. Love ending in death is the prevalent theme of tragedy. Leo, who had something of the true poet, was cut off by his vocation from poetry's greatest source, the love of man for woman, but on the theme second in importance on the poet's list, death, he has written his most poetic lines.

ARTISTS NEED CRITICISM: at least, Donatello thought so.

At the height of his power he told the Paduans: "Here you praise everything I do; in Florence they criticised me. If I do not go back I shall become good for nothing." It is the need for criticism, as much as the search for opportunity, that brings artists to great cities. Now and then one is strong enough to do without it, but most artists, if isolated, grow morbid and one-sided. They cultivate their strong points but neglect their weak ones, and it is the weak points that need strengthening to make art healthy and of a good expectation of life. It is the need for criticism that makes artists "talk shop." It is the give and take of mutual criticism that creates that "art atmosphere" without which they languish. Why, then, does the artist consider the critic his natural enemy? Why did the late Mr. Whistler, for instance, devote so much time to the pretty sport of critic-baiting? The dramatist appeals to the average man, and it may be worth Molière's while to consult his cook. The man of letters speaks the common language of cultivated people, and he and his critic are, necessarily, practitioners of the same art. The painter or the sculptor speaks a special and highly technical

ARTIST AND CRITIC

language, and you must convince him that you understand it before he regards your opinion. "Listen to no one," said Dürer, "who can not take the brush in his hand and show you how it should be done." And even if your criticism is competent and just, why print it? Show me where I can improve my picture, and I am grateful: keep silent to me and afterward tell the public where I am wrong, and you do me an injury. The critic who is no artist is despised as an ignoramus; the critic who is an artist is hated for a traitor. Still, there is a way in which criticism may "do good to art." This special language of yours, my friend, would it not be well that a little of it should be taught the public to whom, perforce, you address yourself? The critic does not speak it so well as you, perhaps, but he may have learned to read it a little. You are too busy to stop and translate yourself—perhaps you are not able; may he not interpret for you? As long as he is honest, do not shoot him. He is doing the best he can.

WHAT WHISTLER HAS LEFT US is an influence even more than an achievement. In this he is like his early friend and contemporary Monet, though his work, if narrower in range, is more fully successful than Monet's. He painted many subjects, but he painted them all in one way, and, whatever the subject, the essential quality of his painting is always the same. One may take his account of himself too literally, but when he said that

THE INFLUENCE OF WHISTLER

he called his portrait of his mother *An Arrangement in Black and Gray*, "because that is what it is," he was telling the truth. It had other qualities—qualities of characterization and even of sentiment—but they were subordinate, in his mind, to the quality of pattern. It was not only representation and illustration to which he was indifferent—he was equally indifferent to many of the qualities of pure art. Vigor of drawing and splendor of color were nothing to him, and he rather disliked any visible brilliancy of handling. Out of all nature and all art he chose those elements only which suited his own delicate temper, and he devoted his whole life to the search for refinements

of line and subtleties of tone. He was not so much influenced by Velasquez or the Japanese, as he was attracted to them because they possessed, with much else which he did not care for, those qualities of art which were peculiarly his. Compared to the robust creative geniuses of the past, his talent was as slender as his person, but it was supremely elegant, fastidiously choice. His art was intensive, and its very limitation of effort ensured its effectiveness. The fine stream, falling always in the same place, made its ineffaceable impression. Just now the world is full of younger painters who are trying to reduce Whistler to a formula, and who seem to think that his virtue lies in mingling all the hues of nature with ivory black. Such "sedulous apes," who follow where a true artist has passed, and are, so far, a sign of his genuineness, always miss the point. The true extent of Whistler's influence is better shown in the remark of one of our foremost painters whose own work is entirely personal. "No artist who has once seen a Whistler," he said, "ever sees nature in quite the same way again."

"BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS, sermons in stones,"

was changed by the German critic to "Stones in the running brooks, sermons in books," in order to make sense. Shakespeare's version, however, remains more popular. This is the time of year when the largest number of people have the opportunity to test its truth. There seems to be no doubt that love of nature is growing in America. Not many years ago, the Englishman's devotion to the country was little shared on this side of the water. The growth of this nature-feeling is shown not only in country homes, but in the large sale of books about nature. It is one of the earliest ideal reactions from the stress of our commercial life. Even the business man and the slave to society, those two most driven victims of wasteful hurry, are learning to value a little the peace of nature. Barbara, of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," however uneven and sentimental, is a refreshing creature to thousands who are beginning to tire of the life led by "People of the Whirlpool." We think of no author into the secret of whose identity we should rather be admitted, just now, than this same Barbara, with her breezy, sweet, and happy love of natural objects, close bonds, and simple pleasures. If we were invited out to dinner, with the privilege of naming the woman who should sit next to us, the choice should fall on Barbara. She might be a disappointment, Heaven knows, for personal relations and the charm of woman are beyond prediction; but the very idea of a person who, with wit and dash enough to shine in heated city life, bares her heart to nature, has enchantment in our nervous times.

SERMONS IN STONES

CO-EDUCATION HAS LOST GROUND OF LATE. It is accused of abetting our plunge toward suicide. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." If young men and women become acquainted they will not marry. Presumably out West, where children mingle democratically and youth knows no chaperon, nobody marries. By the same token, matrimony would be unknown among the poorer classes. The only marrying, on this logic, should be in the social class where obstacles abound, and "ideals," "bloom," and the rest of it, are not rubbed off. Co-education, in our opinion, has no special reason for existence, but this marriage argument is about the weakest that can be brought against it. Separate education is better, because methods can more definitely be adapted to each sex, and each will perhaps give more thought to study and to sport. As regards race suicide, we are reminded of a story. A would-be suicide got everything ready at once. He tied his rope to a tree overhanging the sea, with the noose about his neck. He put a box of lighted matches in his bosom, swallowed

DIFFICULTIES OF SUICIDE

some poison, jumped from his precipice, and fired at his temple as he jumped. He ought to have succeeded, through hanging, poison, burning, shooting, or drowning. His aim was bad, however; the bullet cut the rope, he fell into the sea, which extinguished the fire, and the tossing waves, which landed him on the shore, also made him vomit the poison. This anecdote, which has been used to illustrate the complications of plot, seems symbolic of the efforts of the race to kill itself. We hear about a great many steps which seem to lead straight to suicide, but, however dark the outlook, we have an idea that children will still be born. Many of our future citizens, no doubt, will be descended from immigrants still to come, but a large number will trace their ancestry to Presidents of the Republic and other prominent Anglo-Saxons of various origin. Even if we decide to cut immigration in two by an education test, the twenty-second century will still find an occasional human being left to testify that, in spite of co-education, society, woman's rights, and luxury, men and women still occasionally have children, and the scenery is not yet empty landscape.



MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

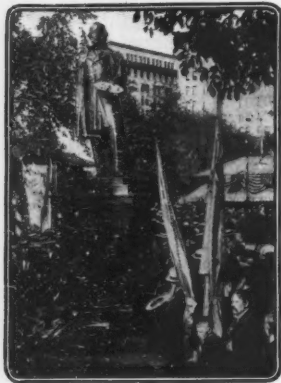
The Retirement of Rear-Admiral Melville.—Saturday, August 15 marked the retirement from the United States Navy of an officer whose career may well be emulated by young naval officers. On the Naval Register he is George W. Melville, Rear-Admiral and Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy. With the personnel of American sea-fighters, from the captain's bridge to the coal-hole, he is "the good gray chief," master-builder in the Bureau of Engineering. Since the Civil War, Admiral Melville has worn harness. He saw the historic battle between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. He served with Farragut and faced death alone on the *Wachusett*, when that ship-of-war rammed the Confederate cruiser *Florida* off the harbor of Bahia.



Rear-Admiral Melville

When the war was over, Engineer Melville served in the Mexican Gulf, in the Arctic, and on the Chinese station. In the *Thetis*, he first braved the rigors of the Land of the Midnight Sun. He was Engineer Officer of the *Tigress* when that ship relieved the crew of the ill-fated *Polaris* off Labrador. Catching the Arctic fever, he joined the *Jeannette* under Lieutenant De Long. In his book, "The Lena Delta," he has related the trials and tortures of the travellers in the Frozen North, the loss of the ship, and the great mutiny. To the lost De Long he was "a tower of strength, self-reliant, ready for emergencies, a born leader of men." His successful search for that daring commander gained him special promotion from Congress. Rear-Admiral Melville has been Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy since 1887.

The Ericsson Statue and the Subway War.—While the White Squadron gathered for the annual mimic war attack on the North Atlantic seaboard, New York honored the memory of the man whose modest invention of forty years ago formed the nucleus of the magnificent sea-fighters of to-day. This was John Ericsson, the clever Swede, designer of the "cheese-box sitting on a raft," the ironclad *Monitor*, whose struggle with the destroyer *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads marked an epoch in the naval history of the world. On August 1, his statue was unveiled in Battery Park, New York City. Naval and G.A.R. veterans, Swedish Guards and societies, Mayor Low and Major-General Chaffee, Admiral Rodgers, and many other Federal and city officials were present, with companies of marines and bluejackets. Miss Rachel Hartley, daughter of the sculptor, J. Scott Hartley, unveiled the statue, which consists of a bronze figure of Ericsson standing, with a model of the *Monitor* in one hand and a scroll in the other. . . . August ushered in a war to the Martini between the First Lords of Construction of New York's "tuppenny tube," and the owners and managers of hotels, theatres, restaurants, and business places on Broadway, with representatives of Chicago's freight subway looking on. The recent strikes have delayed the construction of the underground railroad, and trains will not be running before April. In the meantime, a main stem is to be constructed the whole length of Broadway to the Battery. Instead of turning Broadway into a "Panama ditch," business men want the tunnel plan adopted, which has been tried with success in London and Paris. The contractors think that a tunnel is as superfluous as skates to a Zulu. Hence mass-meetings and mutterings of murder.



Unveiling the Statue of John Ericsson

The Washington Indictments and the Littauer Case.—The Washington Grand Jury on July 13 did some more indicting in the Post-Office cases of bribery-cum-conspiracy-cum-loot-cum-grafters, and Sanson Bristow has his eye on more heads for the guillotine basket. Letter-boxes, carriers' satchels, straps (particularly straps), and hats, caps, and gloves are juggled by the Department Vidocqs in a most amazing fashion. The latest

combination indictments would puzzle the Nestor of the Philadelphia bar. Generally, former Superintendent of Free Delivery, August W. Machen, is the accused. Judging from the profits alleged to have been divided, the Government has enough straps stowed away

somewhere to fasten up the schoolbooks, or prevent the spoiling, of all the little Filipinos, Porto Ricans, and Hawaiians in our new colonies. . . . The War Department's case against Representative Lucius N. Littauer of New York has roused more interest than the Post-Office scandals. Mr. Littauer was alleged to have benefited pecuniarily from contracts for army gloves and caps on the award to one E. R. Lyon, formerly a glove manufacturer of New York, but whom "profits" plunged into bankruptcy. The matter assumed an acute phase on August 3, when the case was turned over to the Department of Justice in accordance with the report of Judge-Advocate-General Davis. Mr. Littauer claims to stand simply in the position of a manufacturer who supplied goods to a jobber. Upon the principle involved hangs Government action on other cases concerning Congressmen suspected of recondite and Rabelaisian romancing.



Representative Littauer

Our Naval Junketers and the Fighting Airships.—While the *Kearsarge*, pressed for time under orders of the Department, was making her record run across the Atlantic from Southampton to Bar Harbor, steaming two thousand nine hundred miles in a trifle over nine days, the remainder of the American fleet pro-



King Charles I of Portugal

ceeded to Portugal, where the welcomes of Kiel and Portsmouth were repeated, and rather more so. At Lisbon for three days, during the mourning for Pope Leo XIII, Admiral Cotton's ships-of-war fired gun for gun with the Portuguese forts. King Charles gave a luncheon at Cintra, a resort near Lisbon. The officers were also presented to her Gracious Majesty Queen Marie Amelie and the Queen-Mother Maria Pia at a special audience. The Minister of Marine gave a banquet at the Arsenal. The King and the royal princes visited the flagship, and his Majesty cabled President Roosevelt the customary (but hearty) complimentary message. . . . After the French military fêtes of July 14, M. Santos-Dumont, the aerial navigator and maker of airships, proffered to the French Government the use of his aerial ships in time of war with any nation except those composing the Republics of North and South America. On July 19, General André, Minister of War, accepted the offer. The first attempt will be made to reach a beleaguered town by means of an airship. Major Hirschbauer, Chief of Battalion, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bourdeaux will have direct supervision of the tests of the "Santos-Dumont flotilla."

The Lowell Magazine Disaster.—Disasters, attended with great loss of life, have marked a most exceptional summer. On July 29, the explosion of two powder magazines of the United States Cartridge Company, situated on the Concord River, three miles from Lowell, Massachusetts, wrought terrific havoc. Twenty-three persons were killed outright and over fifty injured. The ground over several acres was plowed up, buildings were bowled over like tennpins, families were killed in the wreck of their homes, and several lives were lost in the fires which started among the ruins. Boys swimming in the stream some distance away were killed by the concussion. The seismic disturbance was registered by the Harvard Observatory instruments at Cambridge, shook the country for twenty miles around, and was felt throughout the whole of northeastern Massachusetts. A passenger train, passing at the time

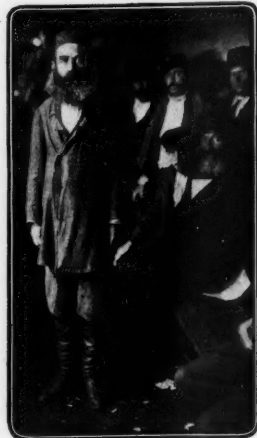
of the explosion, had its wheels lifted from the track, and the train was nearly derailed. The entire catastrophe occupied the space of hardly five seconds. The explosion is supposed to have been caused by the careless handling of nitro glycerine on the part of workmen who were loading powder into wagons. A nice question of insurance liability hangs upon the rather vague possibility of ascertaining the cause of the disaster.

The California Jail Breakers.—The deaths of "Calamity Jane" in Dakota and "Tennessee's Partner" in California are not the only items of news interest from the great West. Another event which would have roused the envy of that much-jailed celebrity, Baron Trenck, occurred at the California State Penitentiary on the morning of July 27, when thirteen convicts effected their escape from the Folsom penitentiary, on the American River near Sacramento. The coup was one of the most remarkable in penological annals. The members of the evading party—all noted cracksmen, imprisoned on long-term sentences—broke from the "lock-step ranks," killed two of the keepers, captured the arsenal, and carried away the warden and jail officials, to hold off the fire of the Gatling guns in the watch-towers and to use as hostages in case of pursuit. Then a reign of terror was inaugurated in the country. The convicts raided the county, looted towns, captured citizens and ranchers, held off posses and military companies, and even stole horses while making for the Sierra Nevada. Warden Wilkinson was released, and though the desperadoes promised to retaliate, life for life, upon the six or eight prisoners they had carried away as safeguards, Governor Pardee commenced a second Modoc War of Extermination. . . . Danville, Illinois, on July 29, began to pay for her internecine war. Sheriff Whitlock, supported by Governor Winfield T. Durbin, determined to bring the mob leaders to justice, on that day swore out a dozen warrants. It is known that the courageous Sheriff has the names of many men and women who took part in the recent lynching of the negro murderer, and while he has the best public opinion with him, serious trouble is anticipated should the cases be pressed.



Sheriff Whitlock

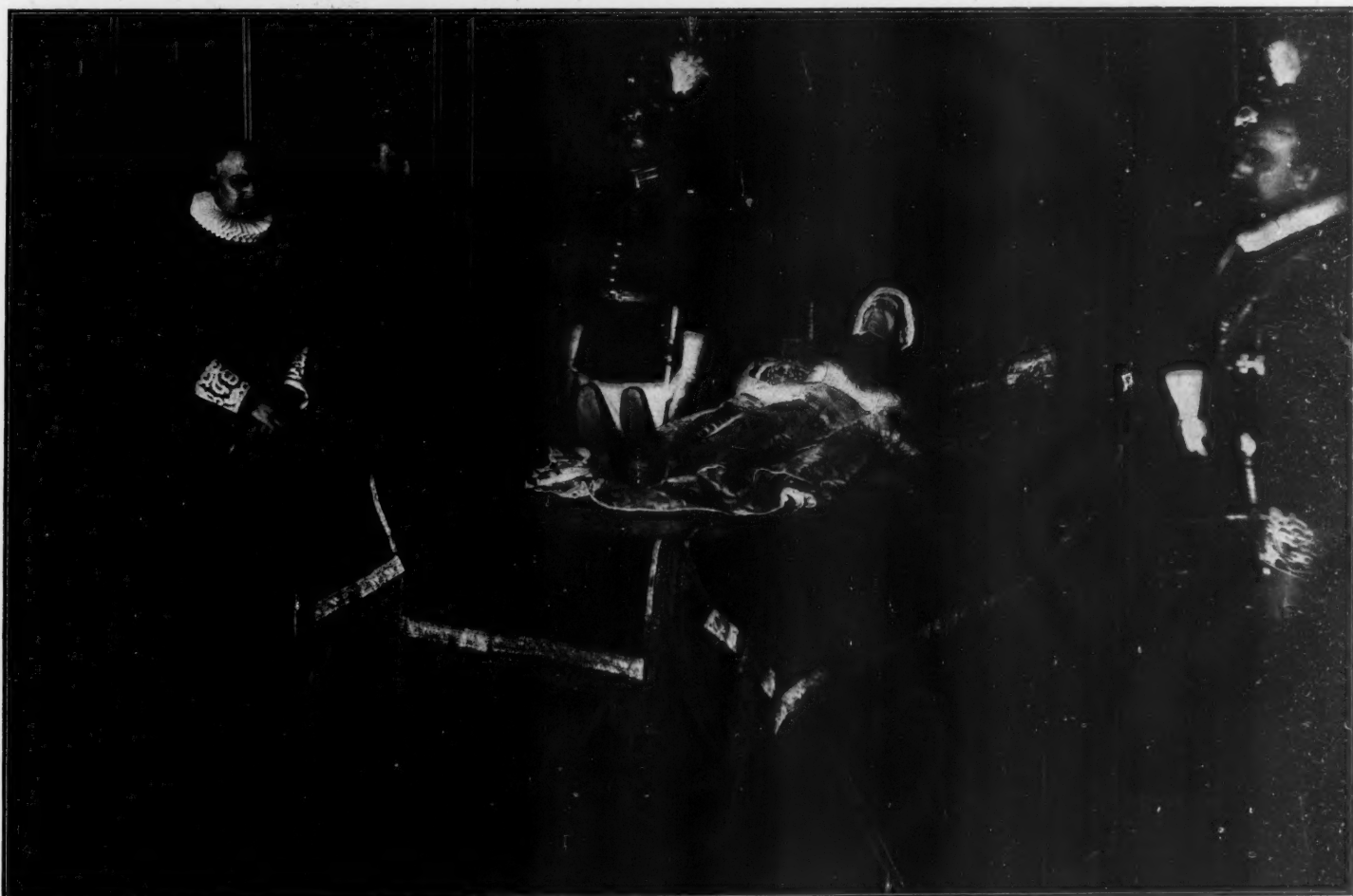
A Great Alaskan-Siberian Railroad.—New gold finds reported from the Klondike have given interest to a tremendous project despite the inevitable scepticism which accompanies great propositions. Inaugurated by French and Russian capitalists and American bankers, the Trans-Alaska Siberian Railroad Company has filed a petition with Secretary Hitchcock for approval of the route of the proposed line, and Congress will be asked for a grant of land through Alaska to Bering Straits, under which it is proposed to tunnel. John J. Healy, discoverer of the Klondike gold fields and organizer of the famous Northwest Transportation Company, is the American moving spirit of the enterprise. Count Lioq de Lober of Paris heads the list of incorporators, who meet in Paris the 26th of this month. The charter of the big company is taken out under the laws of Maine, and offices are to be established in New York, Chicago, Seattle, London, Paris, and St. Petersburg. . . . Russia has issued an unkind ukase concerning passports, at a time when a great influx of Jews is in progress. Hereafter, in accordance with a notification to the State Department, American citizens intending to travel in Russia may have their passports viséd only at New York, Washington, Chicago, and San Francisco. Only on special permission may American citizens of Jewish faith have their passports viséd and enter Russian territory. The Russian immigrants now pouring into the country are not of a type familiar to American eyes, but the men are said to be good workers. Among them are carpenters and other handicraftsmen, but a preponderance of textile workers is found among the exiles.



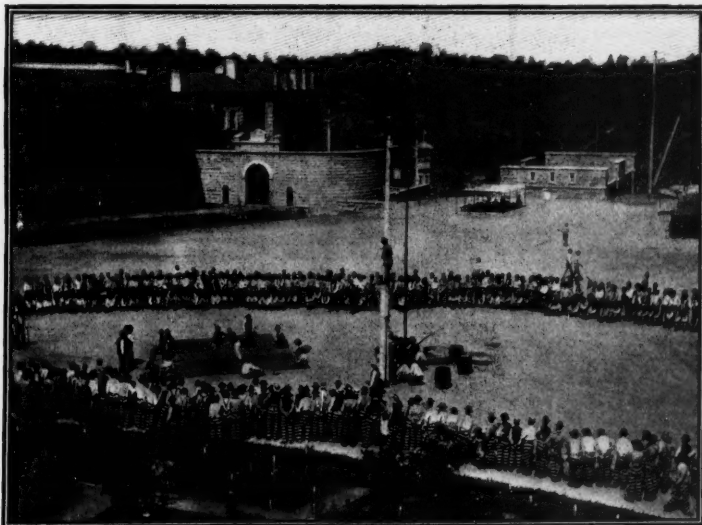
Immigrants from Bessarabia



EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION OF THE UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S POWDER MAGAZINE AT LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS, JULY 29. TWENTY-THREE PERSONS WERE KILLED AND FIFTY INJURED. THE CONCUSSION WAS DISTINCTLY FELT A DISTANCE OF THIRTY MILES



POPE LEO XIII LYING IN STATE IN THE THRONE ROOM OF THE VATICAN



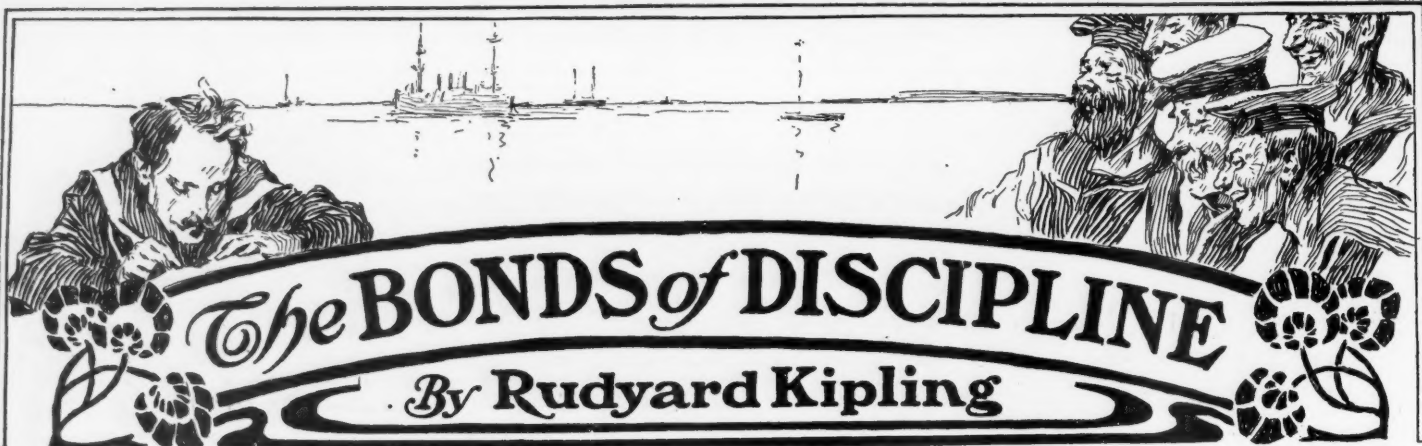
THE PRISON YARD AT FOLSOM, CALIFORNIA, FROM WHICH THIRTEEN DESPERATE CRIMINALS MADE THEIR ESCAPE JULY 27



CONVENTION OF MICHIGAN POSTMASTERS AT LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN, JULY 28 AND 29

THE FOCUS OF THE TIME

A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF CURRENT EVENTS



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ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER

The BONDS of DISCIPLINE

By Rudyard Kipling

AS LITERATURE it is beneath contempt. It concerns the endurance, armament, turning-circles, and inner gear of every ship in the British Navy—the whole embellished with profile-plates. The Teuton approaches the matter with pagan thoroughness. The Muscovite runs him close. But the Gaul, ever greedy for art, breaks inclosure to study the morale, at the present day, of the British sailor man.

In this I conceive he is from time to time aided by the zealous amateur, though I find very little in his dispositions to prove that he relies on that amateur's hard-won information. There exists—unlike some other publications, it is not bound in lead boards—a report by one "M. de C.," based on the absolutely unadorned performances of one of our well-known *Acolyte* type of cruisers. It contains nothing that did not happen. It covers a period of two days; runs to twenty-seven pages of large type exclusive of appendices; and carries as many exclamation-points as the average French novel.

I read it with care, from the adorably finished prologue—it is the disgrace of our Navy that we can not produce a commissioned officer capable of writing one page of lyric prose—to the eloquent, the joyful, the vindictive end; and my first notion was that I had been cheated. In this sort of book-collecting you will see how entirely the bibliophile lies at the mercy of his agent.

M. de C., I read, opened his campaign by stowing away in one of her boats what time H.M.S. *Archimandrite* lay off Funchal. M. de C. was, always on behalf of his country, a Madeira Portuguese fleeing from the conscription. They discovered him eighty miles at sea and bade him assist the cook. So far, this seems fairly reasonable. Next day, thanks to his histrionic powers, and his ingratiating address, he was promoted to the rank of "supernumerary captain's servant"—"post which," I give his words, "I flatter myself, was created for me alone, and furnished me with opportunities unequalled for a task in which one malapropos word would have been my destruction."

From this point onward, earth and water between them held no marvels like to those M. de C. had "envisaged"—if I translate him correctly. It became clear to me that M. de C. was either a pyramidal liar, or...

I was not acquainted with any officer, seaman, or marine in the *Archimandrite*; but instinct told me I could not go far wrong if I took a third-class ticket to Plymouth.

I gathered information on the way from a leading stoker, two seamen-guns, and an odd hand in a torpedo factory. They merrily set my feet on the right path, and that led me through the alleys of Devonport to a public-house not fifty yards from the water. We drank with the proprietor, a huge, yellowish man called Tom Wessels; and when my guides had departed, I asked if he could produce any warrant or petty officer of the *Archimandrite*.

"The *Bedlamite*, d'you mean—'er last commission when they all went crazy?"

"Shouldn't wonder," I replied. "Fetch me a sample and I'll see."

"You'll excuse me, o' course, but—what d'you want 'im for?"

"I want to make him drunk. I want to make him drunk here."

"Spoke very 'andsome. I'll do what I can." He went out toward the water that lapped at the foot of the street. I gathered from the pot-boy that he was a person of influence beyond Admirals.

In a few minutes I heard the noise of an advancing crowd, and the voice of Mr. Wessels.

"E only wants to make you drunk at 'is expense. Dessay 'e'll stand you all a drink. Come up an' look at 'im. 'E don't bite."

A square man, with remarkable eyes, entered at the head of six large bluejackets. Behind them gathered a contingent of hopeful free-drinkers.

"E's the only one I could get. Transferred to the *Postulant* six months back. I found 'im quite accidental." Tom beamed.

"I'm in charge o' the cutter. 'Arf our officers are dinin' on the beach. They won't be 'ome till mornin'," said the square man with the remarkable eyes.

"Are you an *Archimandrite*?" I demanded.

"That's me. I was, as you might say."

"Old on. I'm a *Archimandrite*." A Red Marine with moist eyes tried to climb on the table. "Was you

lookin' for a *Bedlamite*? I've—I've been invalided, an' what with that, an' visitin' my family 'ome at Lewes, per'aps I've come late. 'Ave I?"

"You've 'ad all that's good for you," said Tom Wessels, as the Red Marine sat cross-legged on the floor. "There are those 'oo 'aven't 'ad a thing yet!" cried a voice by the door.

"I will take this *Archimandrite*," I said, "and this Marine. Will you please give the boat's crew a drink now, and another in half an hour if—if Mr.—"

"Pycroft," said the square man. "Emanuel Pycroft, second-class petty-officer."

"—Mr. Pycroft doesn't object?"

"E don't. Clear out. Goldin', you picket the 'ill by yourself, throwin' out a skirmishin'-line in ample time to let me know when Number One's comin' down from 'is vittles."

The crowd dissolved. We passed into the quiet of the inner bar, the Red Marine zealously leading the way.

"And what do you drink, Mr. Pycroft?" I said.

"Only water. Warm water, with a little whiskey an' sugar an' per'aps a lemon."

"Mine's beer," said the Marine. "It always was."

"Look 'ere, Glass. You take an' go to sleep. The picket'll be comin' for you in a little time, an' per'aps you'll 'ave slep' it off by then. What's your ship, now?"

"Oo cares?" said the Red Marine magnificently, and shut his eyes.

"That's right," said Mr. Pycroft. "E's safest where



"WHAT MIGHT YOU HAVE IN YOUR 'AND THERE?"

'e is. An' now—'ere's santy to us all!—what d'you want o' me?"

"I want to read you something."

"Tracts, by Gawd!" said the Marine, never opening his eyes. "Well, I'm game. . . . A little more 'ead to it, miss, please."

"E thinks 'e's drinkin'—lucky beggar!" said Mr. Pycroft. "I'm agreeable to be read to. 'Twon't alter my convictions. I may as well tell you before; and I'm a Plymouth Brother."

He composed his face with the air of one in the dentist's chair, and I began at the third page of "M. de C."

"At the moment of asphyxiation, for I had hidden myself under the boat's cover, I heard footsteps upon the superstructure and coughed with empress—coughed loudly, Mr. Pycroft. 'By this time I judged the vessel to be sufficiently far from land. A number of sailors extricated me amid language appropriate to their national brutality. I responded that I named myself Antonio, and that I sought to save myself from the Portuguese conscription."

"Ho!" said Mr. Pycroft, and the fashion of his countenance changed. Then pensively: "Ther beggar! What might you have in your 'and there?"

"It's the story of Antonio—a stowaway in the *Archimandrite* cutter. A French spy when he's at home, I fancy. What do you know about it?"

"An' I thought it was tracts! An' yet some'ow I didn't." Mr. Pycroft nodded his head wonderingly.

"Our old man was quite right—so was 'Op—so was I. 'Ere, Glass!" He kicked the Marine. "'Ere's our Antonio 'as written a bleedin' book! He was a spy all right."

The Red Marine turned slightly, speaking with the awful precision of the half-drunk. "As 'e got anythin' in about my 'orrible death an' execution? Excuse me, but if I open my eyes, I shan't be well. That's where I'm different from all other men."

"What about Glass's execution?" demanded Pycroft.

"The book's in French," I replied.

"Then it's no good to me."

"Precisely. Now I want you to tell your story just as it happened. I'll check it by this book. Take a cigar. I know about his being found in the cutter. What I want to know is the meaning of all the other things: because they're unusual."

"They were," said Mr. Pycroft with emphasis. "Lookin' back on it as I set 'ere, more an' more I see what a 'ighly unusual affair it was. But it 'appened. It transpired in the *Archimandrite*—the ship you can trust. . . . Antonio! Ther beggar!"

"Take your time, Mr. Pycroft."

In a few moments we came to it thus—

"The old man was displeased. I don't deny he was quite a little displeased. With the mail-boats trottin' into Madeira every twenty minutes, he didn't see why a lop-eared Portugee had to take liberties with a man-o'-war's first cutter. Any'ow, we couldn't turn ship round for 'im. We drew 'im out and took 'im to our Number One. 'Drown 'im,' 'e says. 'Drown 'im before 'e dirties my fine new decks.' But our owner was tender-hearted. 'Take 'im to the galley,' 'e says. 'Boil 'im! Skin 'im! Cook 'im! Cut 'is bloomin' 'air! Take 'is bloomin' number! 'E'll get three months on Cape Town breakwater for this, any'ow."

"Retallick, our chief cook, an' a Carth'lic, was the on'y one any way near grateful; bein' short'anded in the galley. 'E annexes the blighter by the left ear an' right foot an' sets 'im to work peelin' potatoes. So then, this Antonio that was avoidin' the conscription—"

"Subscription, you pink-eyed matlow!" said the Marine, with the face of a stone Buddha, and whimpered sadly: "Pye don't see any fun in it at all."

"Conscription—come to 'is illegitimate sphere in her Majesty's Navy, an' it was just then that old 'Op, our Yeoman of Signals, an' a fastidious joker, made remarks to me about 'is 'ands."

"Them 'ands,' says 'Op, 'properly considered, never done a day's honest labor in their life. Tell me them 'ands belong to a blighted Portugee manual laborer, and I won't call you a liar, but I'll say you an' the Admiralty are pretty much alike in your statements.' 'Op was always a fastidious joker—in 'is language as much as anything else. He pursued 'is investigations with the eye of an 'awk outside the galley. He knew better than to advance line-ahead against Retallick, so 'e attacked *ong eshlong*, speakin' 'is remarks as much as possible into the breach of the starboard four-point-seven, 'ummin' to 'imself. Our chief cook 'ated 'ummin'. 'What's the matter of your bowels?' 'e says at last, fistin' out the mess-pork agitated like."

"Don't mind me," says 'Op. 'I'm only a mildewed buntin'-tosser,' 'e says; 'but speakin' for my mess, I do 'ope,' 'e says, 'you ain't goin' to boil your Portugee friend's boots along o' that pork you're smellin' so gay!"

"Boots! Boots! Boots!" says Retallick, an' he run round like a earwig in a alder-stalk. 'Boots in the galley!' 'e says. 'Cook's mate, cast out an' abolish this cutter-cuddlin' aborigine's boots!"

"They was hove overboard in quick time, an' that was what 'Op was lyin' to for. As subsequently transpired."

"Fine Arab arch to that cutter-cuddler's instep," 'e says to me. 'Run your eye over it, Pye,' 'e says. 'Nails all present an' correct,' 'e says. 'Bunion on the little toe, too,' 'e says; 'which comes from wearin' a tight boot. What do you think?"

"Dook in trouble, per'aps," I says. 'He ain't got the hang of spud-skinnin'. No more 'e 'ad. 'E was simply crucifyin' 'em."

"I want to know what 'e 'as got the 'ang of,' says 'Op, obstructed-like. 'Watch 'im,' 'e says. 'Them shoulders was foreign-drilled somewhere."

"When it come to 'down 'ammick,' which is our naval way o' goin' to bye-bye, I took particular trouble over Antonio, 'oo 'ad an 'ammick 'ove at 'im with general instructions to sling it an' be damned. In the ensuin' melly I pioneered 'im to the after-'atch, which is a orifice communicatin' with the after-flat an' other suites of apartments. 'E 'avin' navigated at three-fifths power immejit ahead o' me, I wasn't goin' to vol-unteer any assistance: nor 'e didn't need it."

"Mong Jew!" says 'e, sniffin' round. An' twice more, 'Mong Jew!'—which is pure French. Then 'e slings 'is 'ammick, nips in, an' coils down. 'Not bad for a Portugee conscript,' I says to myself, casts off the tow, abandons 'im, and reports to 'Op."

"About three minutes later, I'm over'auled by our sub-lieutenant, navigatin' under forced draught, with 'is bearin's 'eated. 'E 'ad the temerity to say I'd instructed our Antonio to sling 'is carcass in the alleyway, an' 'e was peevish about it. O' course, I prevaricated like

'ell. You get the 'ang of it in the service. Nevertheless, to oblige Mr. Ducane, I returned an' humored Antonio. You may not 'ave ascertained that there are two ways o' comin' out of your 'ammick when it's cut down. Antonio came out t'other way—slidin' 'andsome to 'is feet. That showed me two things. First, 'e 'ad been in an 'ammick before, an' next, 'e 'adn't been asleep. Then I reproached 'im for goin' to bed where 'e'd been told to go, instead o' standin' by till some one gave 'im entirely contradictory orders. Which is the essence o' naval discipline.

"In the middle o' this argument the gunner protrudes 'is rambow from 'is cabin, an' brings it all to an 'urried conclusion with some remarks suitable to 'is piebald warrant rank. Navigatin' 'is little foreign steam, an' leavin' Antonio to re-sling 'is little foreign self, my large flat foot comes in detonatin'-contact with a small objec' on the deck. Not 'altin' for the obstacle, nor changin' step, I shuffles it along under the ball of the big toe to the foot o' the 'atchway, where, lightly stoopin', I catch it in my right 'and an' continue my evolutions in rapid time till I evenuates under 'Op's lee.

"It was a small moroccer-bound pocketbook, full of indelible-pencil writin'. In French, for I could plainly discern the *doodledays* which is about as far as my education runs.

"Op fists it open and peruses. 'E'd known an arf-caste French woman pretty intricate before he was married: when 'e was trained man on a stinkin' gunboat up the Saigon River. 'E understood a lot o' French—domestic brands chiefly—the kind that isn't in print.

"'Pye,' 'e says to me, 'you're a tattician o' no mean value. I am a trifle shady about the precise bearin' an' import o' this beggar's private log 'ere,' 'e says, 'but it's evidently a case for the old man. You'll 'ave your share o' the credit,' 'e says.

"'Nay—nay, Pauline,' I says. 'You don't catch Emanuel Pycroft mine-droppin' under any post-captain's bows,' I says, 'in search of honor,' I says. 'I've been there oft'.

"'Well, if you must, you must,' 'e says, takin' me up quick. 'But I'll speak a good word for you, Pye.' 'You'll shut your mouth, 'Op,' I says, 'or you an' me'll part brass-rags. The owner 'as 'is duties, an' I 'ave mine. We will keep station,' I says, 'nor seek to deviate.'

"'Deviate be damned!' says 'Op. 'I'm goin' to deviate to the owner's comfortable cabin direct.' So he deviated."

Mr. Pycroft leaned forward and dealt the Marine a large-pattern Navy kick. "Ere, Glass! You were sentry when 'Op went to the old man—the first time with Antonio's washin'-book. Tell us what transpired. You're sober. You don't know 'ow sober you are!"

The Marine cautiously raised his head a few inches. As Mr. Pycroft said, he was sober—after some R.M.L.I. fashion of his own devising. "'Op bounds in like a bleedin' antelope, carryin' 'is signal-slate at the ready. The old man was settin' down to 'is bountiful platter—not like you an' me, without anythin' more in sight for an 'ole night an' arf a day. Talkin' about food—"

"No! No! No!" cried Pycroft, kicking again. "What about 'Op?" I thought the Marine's ribs would have snapped, but he merely hiccuped.

"Oh, 'im! 'E 'ad it written all down on 'is little slate—I think—an' 'e shoves it under the old man's nose. 'Shut the door,' says 'Op. 'For 'Eaven's sake, shut the bleedin' door!' Then the old man must ha' said somethin' 'bout irons. 'I'll put 'em on, sir, in your very presence,' says 'Op, 'only 'ear my prayer,' or—words to that 'fect. . . . It was jus' the same with me, when I called our sergeant a bladder-bellied, lard-headed, perspirin' pension-cheater. They on'y put on the charge-sheet 'words to that effect.' Spoiled the 'ole 'fect."

"'Op! 'Op! 'Op! What about 'Op?" thundered Pycroft.

"'Op? Oh, shame thing. Words t' that 'fect. Door shut. Nushin' more transpired till 'Op comes out—nose exstreme angle plugin' fire or—words t' that effect. Proud's parrot. 'Oh, you prou' old parrot,' I says."

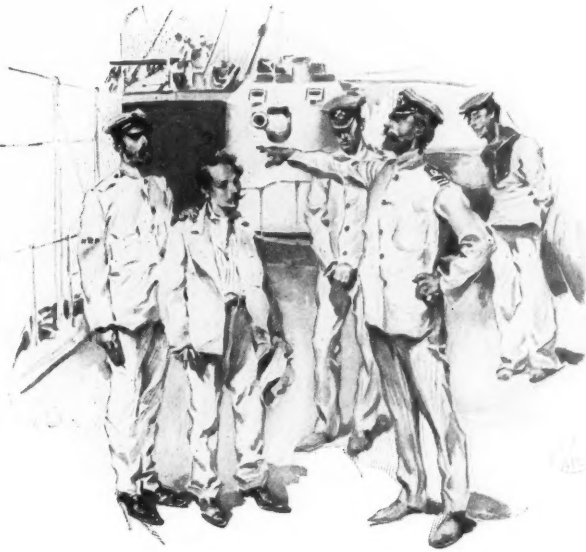
Mr. Glass seemed to slumber again.

"Lord! 'Ow a little moisture disintegrates, don't it? When we 'ad ship's theatricals off Vigo, Glass 'ere played Dick Deadeye to the moral, though of course the lower deck wasn't pleased to see a leatherneck interpretin' a strictly maritime part, as you might say. It's only 'is repartees, which 'e can't contain, that conquers 'im. Shall I resume my narrative?" said Mr. Pycroft.

Another drink was brought on this hint, and Mr. Pycroft resumed.

"The essence o' strategy bein' forethought, the essence o' tactics is surprise. Per'aps you don't know that. My forethought 'avin' secured the initial advantage in attack, it remained for the old man to ladle out the surprise-packets. Oh, Gawd! What surprises! That night he dines with the wardroom, bein' of the kind—I've told you we were a 'appy ship?—that likes it, and the wardroom liked it too. That ain't common in the service. They 'ad up the new Madeira—awful undisciplined stuff—which gives you a cordite mouth next mornin'. They told the mess-men to navigate toward the extreme an' remote 'orizon, an' they abrogated the sentry about fifteen paces out of earshot. Then they 'ad in the Gunner, the Bo'sun, an' the Carpenter, an' stood

them large round drinks. It come out later—wardroom joints bein' lower deck 'ash, as the sayin' is—that our Number One stuck to it that 'e couldn't trust the ship for the needful job. The old man swore 'e could, 'avin' commanded 'er over two years. 'E was right. There wasn't a ship—I don't care what fleet—could come near the *Archimandrites* when we give our mind to a thing. We 'eld the cruiser big-gun records, the sailing-cutter (fancy-rig) championship, an' the challenge-cup row round the fleet. We 'ad the best nigger-minstrels, the best football an' cricket teams, an' the best squee-jee band of anything that ever pushed in front of a brace o' bleeding screws. An' yet our Number One mistrusted us! 'E said we'd be a floatin' 'ell in a week, an' it 'ud take the rest o' the commission to stop our way. They was arguin' it in the wardroom when the bridge reports a light three points off the port bow. We over-takes 'er, switches on our searchlight, an' she discloses



"BOIL 'IM! SKIN 'IM! COOK 'IM! CUT 'IS BLOOMIN' 'AIR!'"

'erself as a collier o' no mean reputation, makin' about seven knots on 'er lawful occasions—to the Cape most like.

"Then the owner—as we 'eard in good time—sprung 'is tactics: all mines together at close interval.

"'Look 'ere, my jokers,' 'e says (I'm givin' the grist o' 'is arguments, remember), 'Number One says we can't enlighten this cutter-cuddlin' Gaulish looter on the manners an' customs o' the Navy without makin' the ship a market-garden. There's a lot in that,' 'e says, 'specially if we kept it up till we reach Cape Town. But,' 'e says, 'the appearance o' this strange sail 'as put a totally new aspect on the game. We can run to just one day's amusement for our friend, or else what's the good o' navy discipline? An' then we can turn 'im over to our presumably short-anded fellow-subject in the small coal-line out yonder. He'll be pleased,' says the old man, 'an' so will Antonio. M'rover,' 'e says to Number One, 'I'll lay you a dozen o' licorice an' ink—it must ha' been that new tawny port—that I've got a ship I can trust—for one day,' 'e says. 'Wherefore,' 'e says, 'will you 'ave the blighted goodness to reduce speed as requisite for keepin' a proper distance be'ind this providential tramp till further orders?' Now that's what I call tactics.

"The other manœuvres developed next day, strictly in accordance with the plans as laid down in the wardroom, where they sat long an' steady. 'Op whispers to me that Antonio was a Number One spy when 'e was in commission, and a French lieutenant when 'e was paid off. I therefore navigated at three 'undred an' ninety-six revolutions to the galley, never 'avin' kicked a lieutenant up to date. I may as well state that I did not manœuvre against 'im as a Frenchman, because I like 'em, but strictly on his navy rank an' ratin'. I inquired after 'is 'ealth from Retallick.

"'Don't ask me,' 'e says, sneerin' be'ind 'is silver spectacles. 'E's promoted to be captain's second supernumerary servant, to be dressed and addressed as such. If 'e does 'is dooties same as he skinned the spuds, I ain't for changin' with the old man.

"In the balmy dawnin' it was give out, all among the 'olystones, by our sub-lieutenant, who was a three-way-discharge devil, that all orders after eight bells was to be executed in inverse ratio to the cube o' the velocity. 'The reglar routine,' 'e says, 'was arrogated for reasons o'

state an' policy, an' any flat-foot who presumed to exhibit surprise, annoyance, or amusement, would be slightly but firmly reproached.' Then the gunner nops up an' 'eathenish large detail for some hanky-panky in the magazines, an' led 'em off along with our Gunner Jack, which is to say, our Gunner lieutenant.

"That put us on the *viva voce*—particularly when we understood 'ow the owner was navigatin' abroad in 'is sword-belt trustin' us so complimentary. We shifts into the dress o' the day, an' we musters, an' we prays *ong reggle*, an' we carries on anticipatory to bafflin' Antonio.

"Then our Sergeant o' Marines come to me wringin' 'is 'ands an' weepin'. 'E'd been talkin' to the sub-lieutenant, an' it looked like as if 'is upper works were collapsin'.

"'I want a guarantee,' 'e says, wringin' 'is 'ands like this. 'I 'aven't 'ad sunstroke slave-dhown' in Tajurrah Bay, an' been compelled to live on quinine an' chlorodyne ever since. I don't get the horrors off two glasses o' brown sherry."

"'What 'ave you got now?' I says.

"'I ain't an officer,' 'e says. 'My sword won't be handed back to me at the end o' the court-martial on account o' my little weaknesses, an' no stain on my character. I'm only a pore beggar of a Red Marine with eighteen years' service, an' why-for,' says 'e, wringin' 'is 'ands like this all the time, 'must I chuck away my pension—sub-lieutenant or no sub-lieutenant? Look at 'em,' 'e says, 'only look at 'em! Marines fallin' in for small-arm drill!'

"The leather-necks was layin' aft at the double, an' a more insanitary set of accidents I never wish to be-'old. Most o' 'em was in their shirts. They had their trousers on, of course—rolled up nearly to the knee, but what I mean is belts over shirts. Three or four 'ad our caps, an' them that 'ad drawn 'elmets wore their chin-straps like Portuguese earrings. Oh, yes; an' three o' 'em 'ad only one boot! I knew what our bafflin' tactics was goin' to be, but even I was mildly surprised when this 'ole fantasia of Brazee drummers 'alted under the poop, because of an 'ammick in charge of our navigator an' a small but 'ighly efficient landin'-party.

"'Ard astern both screws!' says the navigator. 'Room for the captain's 'ammick!' The captain's servant—Cockburn 'is name was—'ad one end, an' our newly promoted Antonio, in a blue slop-rig, 'ad the other. They slung it from the muzzle of the port poop quick-firer short-ships to a stanchion. Then the old man flickered up, smokin' a cigarette, an' brought 'is stern to an anchor slow an' oriental.

"'What a blessin' it is, Mr. Ducane,' 'e says to our sub-lieutenant, 'to be out o' sight o' the 'ole pack o' blighted admirals! What's an admiral, after all?' 'e says. 'Why, 'e's only a post-captain with the pip, Mr. Ducane. The drill will now proceed. What O! Antonio, *descendez* an' get me a split.'

"When Antonio came back with the whiskey-an'-soda 'e was told off to swing the 'ammick in slow time, an' that massacratin' small-arm party went on with their oratorio. The Sergeant 'ad been kindly excused from participatin', but 'e was jumpin' round on the poop-ladder stretchin' 'is leather-neck to see the disgustin' exhibition an' cluckin' like a ash-hoist. A lot of us went on the fore an' aft bridge an' watched 'em like 'Listen to the Band in the Park.' All these evolutions, I ought to tell you, are 'ighly unusual in the Navy. After ten minutes o' muckin' about, Glass 'ere—pity 'e's so drunk!—says that 'e'd 'ad enough exercise for 'is simple needs an' 'e wants to go 'ome. Mr. Ducane catches 'im a sanakattowzer of a smite over the 'ead with the flat of 'is sword. Down comes Glass's rifle with language to correspond, an' 'e fiddles with the bolt. Up jumps Maclean—'oo was a Gosport 'ighlander—an' lands on Glass's neck, thus bringin' 'im to the deck, fully extended.

"The old man makes a great show o' wakin' up from sweet slumbers. 'Mistah Ducane,' 'e says, 'what is this painful interregnum?' or words to that effect. Ducane takes one step to the front, an' salutes: 'Only 'nother case of attempted assassination, sir,' he says.

"'Is that all?' says the old man, while Maclean sits on Glass's collar-button. 'Take 'im away,' 'e says; 'e knows the penalty."

"Ah! I suppose that is the 'invincible morgue Britan-

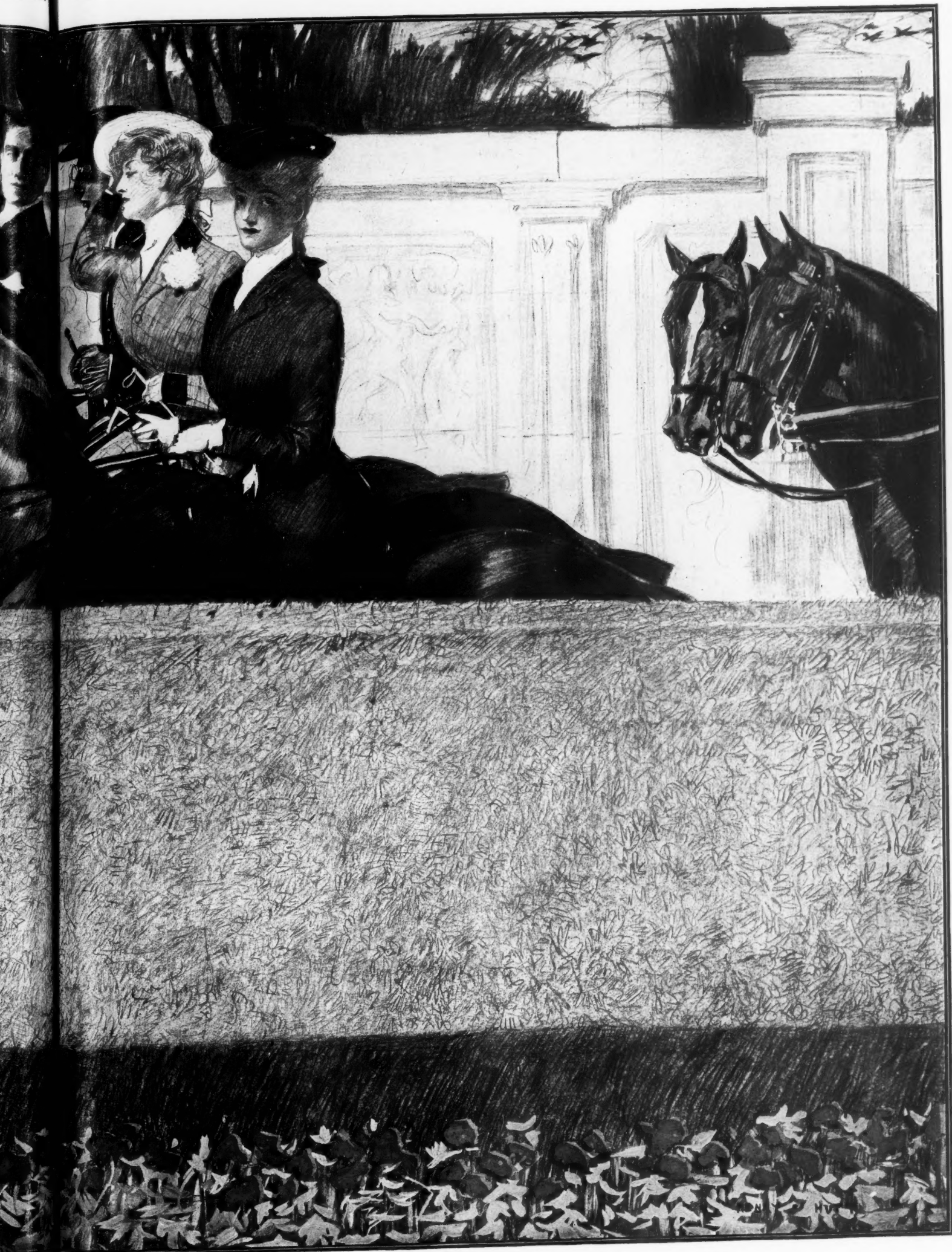


"WHAT A BLESSIN' IT IS TO BE OUT O' SIGHT O' THE . . . BLIGHTED ADMIRALS!"



A SUMMER CA

DRAWN BY HENRY



R CAVALCADE

OWN BY HENRY HUTT

nic in the presence of brutally provoked mutiny," I muttered, as I turned over the pages of M. de C.

"Well, Glass, 'e was led off kickin' an' squealin', an' 'ove down the ladder into 'is Sergeant's volupshus arms. 'E run Glass forward, an' was all for puttin' 'im in irons as a maniac.

"You refill your waterjacket and cool off!" says Glass, sittin' down rather winded. "The trouble with you is you 'aven't any imagination."

"Aven't I? I've got the remnants of a little poor authority, though," 'e says, lookin' pretty vicious.

"You 'ave?" says Glass. "Then for pity's sake 'ave some proper feelin', too. I'm goin' to be shot this evenin'. You'll take charge o' the firin' party."

"Some'ow or other, that made the Sergeant froth at the mouth. 'E 'ad no more play to 'is intellects than a spit-kid. 'E just took everything as it come. Well, that was about all, I think. Unless you'd care to 'ave me resume my narrative."

We resumed on the old terms, but with rather less hot water. The Marine on the floor breathed evenly, and Mr. Pyecroft nodded.

"I may 'ave omitted to inform you that our Number One took a general round the situation while the small-arm party was at work, an' o' course 'e supplied the outlines; but the details we done by ourselves. These were our tatties to baffle Antonio. It occurs to the Carpenter to 'ave the steam-cutter down for repairs. 'E gets 'is cheer-party together, an' down she comes. You've never seen a steam-cutter let down on the deck, 'ave you? It's not usual, an' she takes a lot o' humerin'. Thus we 'ave the starboard side completely blocked an' the general traffic tricklin' over 'ead along the fore an' aft bridge. Then Chips gets into 'er an' begins balin' out a mess o' small reckonings on the deck. Simultaneous, there comes up three o' those dirty engine-room objects which we call 'tiffies,' an' a stoker or two with orders to repair 'er steamin' gadgets. They gets into 'er an' bales out another young Christmas-treeful of small reckonin's—brass mostly. Simultaneous, it hits the pusser that 'e'd better serve out mess pork for the poor matlow. These things 'arf shifted Retallick, our chief cook, off 'is bed-plate. Yes, you might say they broke 'im wide open. 'E wasn't used to 'em.

"Number One tells off five or six prime, able-bodied seamen gunners to the pork-barrels. You never see pork fisted out of its receptacles, 'ave you? Simultaneous, it hits the Gunner that now's the day an' now's the hour for a non-continuous class in Maxim instruction. So they all gave way together, and the general effects was non plus ultra. There was the cutter's innards spread out like a Frattion pawnbroker's shop; there was the 'tiffies' 'ammerin' in the stern of 'er, an' they aren't antiseptic; there was the Maxim class in open order among the pork, an' forrard the blacksmith 'ad 'is forge in full blast, makin' 'orseshoes, I suppose. Well, that accounts for the starboard side. The only warrant officer 'oo 'adn't a look in so far was the Bosun. So 'e stated, all out of 'is own 'ead, that Chips's reserve o' wood an' timber, which Chips 'ad stole at our last refit, needed restowin'. It was on the port booms—a young an' 'ealthy forest of it, for Charley Peace wasn't to be named 'longside o' Chips for burglary.

"All right," says our Number One. "You can 'ave the 'ole port watch if you like. 'Ell's 'Ell,' 'e says, 'an' when there we must study to improve."

"Jarvis was our Bosun's name. 'E 'unted up the 'ole of the port watch by 'and, as you might say, callin' 'em by name loud an' lovin', which is not precisely Navy makee-pigeon. They 'ad that timber-loft off the booms an' they dragged it up an' down like so many bleedin' little beavers. But Jarvis was jealous o' Chips an' went round the starboard side to envy at 'im.

"Tain't enough," 'e says, when 'e 'ad climbed back. 'Chips 'as got 'is bazaar lookin' like a coal-hulk in a cyclone. We must adopt more drastic measures. Off 'e goes to Number One an' communicates with 'im. Number One got the old man's leave, on account of our goin' so slow (we were keepin' be'ind the tramp), to fit the ship with a full set of patent supernumerary sails. Four trysails—yes, you might call 'em trysails—was our Admiralty allowance in the un'heard of event of a cruiser breakin' down, but we had our awnin's as well. They was all extricated from the various flats an' 'oles where they was stored, an' at the end o' two hours 'ard work Number One 'e made out eleven sails o' different sorts and sizes. I don't know what exact nature of sail you'd call 'em—pyjama-stun'sles with a touch of Sarah's shimmy, per'aps—but the riggin' of 'em an' all the supplementary details, as you might say, bein' carried on through an' over an' between the cutter an' the forge an' the pork an' cleanin' guns, an' the Maxim class an' the Bosun's barricades and the paint-work, was wonderful. There's no other word of it. Wonderful!

"The old man keeps swimmin' up an' down 't'rough it all with the faithful Antonio at 'is side, fetchin' 'im numerous splits. 'E 'ad eight that mornin', an' when Antonio was detached to get 'is spyglass, or 'is gloves, or 'is lily-white 'andkerchief, the old man would waste 'em down a ventilator. Antonio must ha' learned a lot about our Navy thirsts."

"He did."

"Ah! Would you kindly mind turnin' to the pre-

cise page indicated an' givin' me a r'esumé of 'is tatties?" said Mr. Pyecroft, drinking deeply. "I'd like to know 'ow it looked from 'is side o' the deck."

"How will this do?" I said. "Once clear off the land, like Voltaire's Habakkuk—"

"One of their new commerce-destroyers, I suppose," Mr. Pyecroft interjected.

"—each man seemed veritably capable of all—to do according to his will. The boats, dismantled and forlorn, were lowered upon the planking. One cries 'Aid me!' flourishing at the same time the weapons of his business. A dozen launch themselves upon him in



"ONLY ANOTHER CASE OF ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION, SIR!"

the orgasm of zeal misdirected. He beats them off with the howlings of dogs. He has lost a hammer. This ferocious outcry signifies that only. Eight men seek the utensil, colliding on the way with some many others which, seated in the stern of the boat, tear up and scatter upon the planking the ironwork which impedes their brutal efforts. Elsewhere, one detaches from on high wood, canvas, iron bolts, coal-dust. What do I know?"

"That's where 'e's comin' the bleedin' onjenever. 'E knows a lot, reely."

"They descend thundering upon the planking, and the spectacle can not reproduce itself. In my capacity of valet to the captain, whom I have well and beautifully plied with drink since the rising of the sun (behold me also, Ganymede!) I pass throughout observing, it may be, not a little. They ask orders. There is none to give them. One sits upon the edge of the vessel and chants interminably the lugubrious "Roule Britannia"—to endure how long."

"That was me! Only 'twas 'A Life on the Ocean Wave'—which I hate more than any stinkin' tune I know; 'avin' dragged too many nasty little guns to it. Yes, Number One told me off to that for ten minutes, an' I'm not musical."

"Then come marines, half-dressed, seeking vainly through this 'tohu-bohu' (that's one of his names for the Archimandrite, Mr. Pyecroft), 'for a place whence they shall not be dislodged. The captain, heavy with drink, rolls himself from his hammock. He would have his people fire the Maxims. They demand which Maxim. That to him is equal. The breech-lock indispensable is not there. They demand it of one who opens a barrel of pork for this Navy feeds at all hours. He refers them to the cook, yesterday my master—"

"Yes, an' Retallick nearly 'ad a fit. What a truthful an' observin' little Antonio we 'ave!"

"It is discovered in the hands of a boy who says—and they do not rebuke him—that he has found it by hazard. I'm afraid I haven't translated quite correctly, Mr. Pyecroft."

"Why, it's beautiful—you ought to be a Frenchman—you ought. You don't want anything o' me. You've got it all there."

"Yes, but I like your side of it. For instance. Here's a little thing I can't quite see the end of. Listen! 'Of the domain which Britannia rules by sufferance, my gross captain knew nothing, and his navigator, if possible, less. From the bestial recriminations and the indeterminate chaos of the grand deck,

I ascended—always with a whiskey-and-soda in my hands—to a scene truly grotesque. Behold my captain in plain sea, at issue with his navigator! A crisis of nerves, due to the enormous quantity of alcohol which he had swallowed up to then, has filled for him the ocean with dangers, imaginary and fantastic. Incapable of judgment, menaced by the phantasms of his brain inflamed, he envisages islands, perhaps of the Hesperides, beneath his keel—vigias innumerable. He creates shoals sad and far-reaching of the mid-Atlantic! What was that, now?"

"Oh, I see! That come after dinner, when our navigator 'ove 'is cap down an' danced on it. Danby was quartermaster. They 'ad a tea-party on the bridge. It was the old man's contribution. Does 'e say anything about the leadmen?"

"Is this it? Overborne by his superior's causeless suspicion, the navigator took off the badges of his rank and cast them at the feet of my captain and sobbed. A disgusting and maudlin reconciliation followed. The argument renewed itself, each grasping the wheel, capulous (that means drunk, Mr. Pyecroft), 'shouting. It appeared that my captain would chivaler (I don't know what that means, Mr. Pyecroft), 'to the Cape. At the end, he placed a sailor with the sound' (that's the lead, I think) 'in his hand, garnished with suet. Was it garnished with suet?"

"He put two leadmen in the chains, o' course! 'E didn't know that there mightn't be shoals there, 'e said. Morgan went an' armed 'is lead, to enter into the spirit o' the thing. They 'eaved it for twenty minutes, but there wasn't any suet, only tallow."

"Garnished with suet at two thousand metres of profundity. Decidedly the Britannic Navy is well guarded. Well, that's all right, Mr. Pyecroft. Would you mind telling me anything else of interest that happened?"

"There was a good deal, one way an' another. I'd like to know what this Antonio thought of our sails."

"He merely says that 'the engines having broken down, an officer extemporizes a mournful and useless parody of sails. Oh, yes! he says that some of them looked like 'bonnets in a needlecase,' I think."

"Bonnets in a needlecase! They were stun'sles. That shows the beggar's no sailor. That trick was really the one sound thing we did. Pho! I thought 'e was a sailor-man, an' 'e 'asn't sense enough to see what extemporizin' eleven good an' drawin' sails out o' four trys'les an' a few awnin's means. 'E's simply barbarious!"

"Never mind, Mr. Pyecroft. I want to hear about your target-practice, and the execution."

"Oh! We 'ad a special target-practice for Antonio that afternoon. As I told my crew—me bein' captain of the port bow quick-firer, though I'm a torpedo-man now—it just showed 'ow you can work your gun under any discomforts. A shell—twenty six-inch shells—burstin' inboard couldn't 'ave begun to make the varicose collection o' tit-bits which we 'ad spilled on our deck. It was a lather—a rich, creamy lather!"

"We took it very easy—our gun-practice. We done it in a complimentary 'Jenny-ave-another-cup-o'-tea' style, an' the crews was strictly ordered not to rupture 'emselves with unnecessary exertion. This isn't our 'abit in the Navy when we're in *puris naturalibus*, as you might say. But we wasn't so then. We was impromptu. An' Antonio was busy fetchin' splits for the old man, and the old man was wastin' 'em down the ventilators. There must 'ave been four inches in the bilges, I should think—wardroom whiskey-an'-soda."

"Then I thought I might as well bear an' 'ad as look pretty. So I let my bundoop go at fifteen 'undred—sightin' very particular. There was a sort of 'appy little belch like—no more. I give you my word—an' the shell trundled out maybe fifty feet an' dropped into the deep Atlantic."

"Government powder, sir!" sings out our Gunner Jack to the bridge, laughin' 'orrid sarcastic; an' then, of course, we all laughs, which we are not encouraged to do in *puris naturalibus*. Then o' course I saw what our Gunner Jack 'ad been after with 'is subcutaneous details in the magazines all the mornin' watch. He 'ad redooed all the charges to a minimum, as you might say. But it made me feel a trifle faint an' sickish, notwithstanding—this spit-in-the-eye business. Every time such transpired the Gunner Looenant would say somethin' sarcastic about Government stores till the old man fair 'owled. 'Op was on the bridge with 'im, an' 'e told me—'cause 'e's a physiologist an' reads characters—that Antonio's face was sweatin' with pure joy. 'Op wanted to kick 'im. Does Antonio say anything about that?"

"Not about the kicking, but he is great on the gun-practice, Mr. Pyecroft. He has put all the results into a sort of appendix—a table of shots. He says that the figures will speak more eloquently than words."

"What? Nothin' about the way the crews flinched an' 'opped? Nothin' about the little shells rumblin' out o' the guns so casual?"

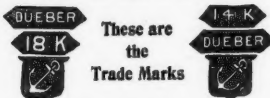
"There are a few pages of notes, but they only bear out what you say. He says that these things always happen as soon as one of our ships is out of sight of land. Oh, yes! I've forgotten. He says: 'From the



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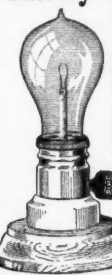
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conversation of my captain with his inferiors I gathered that no small proportion of the expense of these nominally efficient cartridges finds itself in his pockets. So much, indeed, was signified by an officer on the deck below, who cried in a high voice: "I hope, sir, you are making something out of it. It is rather monotonous." This insult, so flagrant, albeit well-merited, was received with a smile of drunken bonhomie—that's cheerfulness, Mr. Pycroft. Your glass is empty."

"Resumin' afresh," said Mr. Pycroft, after an interval, "I may as well say that the target-practice occupied two hours—an' then we 'ad to dig out after our tramp. Then we 'arf an' three-quarters cleaned up the decks an' mucked about as requisite, haulin' down the patent awnin' stunsles which Number One 'ad made. The old man was a shade doubtful of 'is course, 'cause I 'eard 'im say to Number One: 'You are right. A week of 'is would turn the ship into a blighted beanfeast. But—' 'e says pathetic, 'aven't they backed the band noble?"

"Oh! it's a picnic for them," says Number One. "But when do we get rid of 'is whiskey-peddlin' blighter o' yours, sir?"

"That's a cheerful way to speak of a viscount," says the old man. "E's the bluest blood o' France when 'e's at 'ome."

"Which is the precise landfall I wish 'im to make," says Number One. "I'll take all 'ands and the Captain of the Head to clean up after 'im."

"They won't grudge it," says the old man. "Just as soon as it's dusk, we'll overhaul our tramp friend an' waft 'im over."

"Then a sno-midshipman—Moorshed was 'is name—come up an' says somethin' in a low voice. It fetches the old man."

"You'll oblige me," 'e says, 'by takin' the wardroom poultry for that. I've ear-marked every fowl we've shipped at Madeira, so there can't be any possible mistake. M'rover,' 'e says, 'tell 'em if they spill one drop of blood on the blighted deck,' 'e says, 'they'll not be extenuated, but hung."

"Mr. Moorshed goes forward, lookin' unusual 'appy, even for 'im. The Marines was enjoyin' a committee meetin' in their own flat."

"After that it fell dark, with just a little streaky, oily light on the sea—an' anythin' more chronic than the Archimandrite I'd trouble you to be'old. She looked like a fancy bazaar and a auction-room. Yes, she looked like a passenger steamer! We'd picked up our tramp, an' lay, about four mile be'ind 'er. I noticed the wardroom as a class, you might say, was manœuvrin' en masse, an' then come the order to cock-bill the yards. We 'adn't any yards, except a couple o' signalin' sticks, but we cock-billed 'em. I 'adn't seen that sight, not since thirteen years in the West Indies, when post-captain died o' yellow jack. It means a sign o' mournin', the yards bein' canted opposite ways, to look drunk an' disorderly. They do."

"An' what might our last giddy-go-round signify?" I asks of 'Op.

"Good 'Evins!' 'e says, 'are you in the 'abit o' permissin' leathernecks to assassinate lootenants every mornin' at drill without immediately 'avin' 'em shot on the foc'sle in the 'orrid crawly-crawly twilight?"

"Yes," I murmured over my dear book, "the infinitely lugubrious crepuscule. A spectacle of barbarity unparalleled—hideous—cold-blooded, and yet touched with appalling grandeur."

"Ho! Was that the way Antonio looked at it? That shows 'e 'ad feelin's. To reason. Without any one givin' us orders to that effect, we began to creep about an' whisper. Things got stiller an' stiller, till they was as still as—mushrooms! Then the bugler let off the Dead March from the upper bridge. 'E done it to cover the remarks of a cock-bird bein' killed forrard, but it come out paralyzin' in its tout ensemble. You never 'eard the Dead March on a bugle? Then the pipes went twitterin' for both watches to attend public execution, an' we came up like so many ghosts, the 'ole ship's company. Why, Mucky 'Arcourt, one o' our boys, was that took in, 'e give tongue like a bleedin' beagle, an' was properly kicked down the ladder for so doin'."

"And there we lay—engines stopped, rollin' to the swell, all dark, yards cock-billed, an' that blighted tune yowlin' from the upper bridge. We fell in on the foc'sle—all pressed up against the connin'-tower an' thereabouts, leavin' a large open space by the capstan, where our sail-maker was sittin' sewin' broken firebars into the foot of an old 'ammick."

"Then come twelve Marines guardin' Glass 'ere. You wouldn't think to see 'im what a gratituous an' abundant terror 'e was that evenin'." 'E was in a white shirt 'e'd stole from Cockburn, an' 'is regulation trousers, bare-footed. 'E'd pipe-clayed 'is 'ands an' face an' feet an' as much of 'is chest as the openin' of 'is shirt showed. 'E marched under escort with a firm an' undeviatin' step to the capstan, an' came to attention. The old man, reinforced by an extra strong split—'is seventeenth, an' 'e didn't throw that down the ventilator—come up on the bridge an' stood like a image."

"When you are ready, sir, drop your 'andkerchief, Number One whispers."

"Good Lord!" said the old man, with a jump. "Eh! what? What a sight! What a sight! an' 'e stood drinkin' it in, I suppose, for quite two minutes."

"Glass never says a word. 'E shoved aside an 'andkerchief which the sub-lieutenant proffered 'im to bind 'is eyes with—quiet an' collected; an' if we 'adn't been feelin' so very much as we did feel, 'is gestures would 'ave brought down the 'ouse."

"I can't open my eyes, or I'll be sick," said the Marine, with appalling clearness. "I'm pretty far gone—I know it—but there wasn't any one could 'ave beaten Eduardo Glass, R.M.L.I., that time. Why, I scared myself nearly into the 'orrors. Go on, Pye; Glass is listenin'."

"Then the old man drops 'is 'andkerchief, an' the firin' fire fires like one man. Glass drops forward, twitchin' an' 'eavin', 'orrid

natural, into the shotted 'ammick all spread out before 'im, and the firin'-party closes in to guard the remains of the deceased while Sails is stitchin' it up. An' when they lifted that 'ammick it was one wringin' mess o' blood. They on'y expended one wardroom cock-bird, too. Did you know poultry bled that extravagant? I never did."

"The old man—so 'Op told me—stayed on the bridge, brought up on a dead centre. Number One was similarly but lesser impressed, but o' course 'is duty was to think of 'is fine white decks an' the blood. 'Arf a mo', sir,' 'e says, when the old man was for leavin'. 'We 'ave to wait for the burial, which, I am informed, takes place immejit."

"The Marines carried the corpse below. Then the bugle give us some more Dead March. Then we 'eard a splash from a bow six-pounder port, an' the bugle struck up a cheerful tune. The 'ole lower deck was complimintin' Glass, 'oo took it very meek. 'E is a good actor, for all 'e's a leatherneck."

"Now," said the old man, 'we must turn over Antonio. 'E's in what I've 'eard called one perspirin' funk."

"Of course, I'm tellin' it slow, but it all 'appened much quicker. We run down to our trap—without o' course informin' Antonio of 'is 'appy destiny—an' inquired of 'er if she 'ad any use for a free gratis stowaway. Oh, yes! she said she'd be 'ighly grateful, but she seemed a shade puzzled at our generosity, as you might put it, an' we lay by till she lowered a boat. Then Antonio—'oo was un'appy—distinctly un'appy—was politely requested to navigate elsewhere, which I don't think 'e looked for. 'Op was deputed to convey the information, an' 'Op got in one sixteen-inch kick which 'oisted 'im all up the ladder. 'Op ain't really vindictive, but 'is chances o' kicking lootenants was same as mine—limited."

"The boat 'adn't more than shoved off before a change, as you might say, came o'er the spirit of our dream. The old man says, like Elphinstone an' Bruce in the Portsmouth election when I was a boy: 'Gentlemen,' 'e says, 'for gentlemen you have shown yourselves to be—from the bottom of my 'eart I thank you. The status an' position of our late lamented shipmate made it obligato,' 'e says, 'to take certain steps not included in the regulations. An' nobly,' says 'e, 'ave you assisted me. Now,' 'e says, 'you 'old the false and felonious reputation of bein' the smartest ship in the service. Pig-sties,' 'e says, 'is plane trigonometry alongside our present disgustin' state. Eface the effects of 'is indecent orgy,' 'e says. 'Jump, you lop-eared, flat-footed Amalekites! Dig out, you briny-eyed, butter-backed beggars!"

"Do captains talk like that, Mr. Pycroft?" I asked.

"I've told you once I on'y give the grist o' 'is arguments. The bosun's mate translates it to the lower deck, as you may put it, and the lower deck springs smartly to attention. It took us 'arf the night 'fore we got 'er any-way shipshape; but by sunrise she was beautiful as ever, an' we resumed. I've thought it over a lot since; yes, an' I've thought a lot of Antonio trimmin' coal in that tramp's bunkers. 'E must 'ave been 'ighly surprised. Wasn't 'e?"

"He was, Mr. Pycroft," I responded. "But now we're talkin' of it, weren't you all a little surprised?"

"It come as a pleasant relief to the regular routine," said Mr. Pycroft. "We appreciated it as an easy way o' workin' for your country. Now, couldn't you oblige with Antonio's account of Glass's execution?"

"I obliged for nearly ten minutes. It was at best a feeble rendering of M. de C.'s magnificent prose, through which the soul of the poet, the eye of the mariner, and the heart of the patriot bore magnificent accord. His account of his descent from the side of the 'infamous vessel consecrated to blood' in the 'vast and gathering dusk of the trembling ocean' could only be matched by his description of the dishonored hammock sinking unnoticed through the depths, while above the bugler played music 'of an indefinable brutality."

"By the way, what did the bugler play after the funeral?" I asked.

"'Im? Oh! 'e played 'The Strict Q.T.' said Mr. Pycroft sleepily.

I stirred the sugar dregs in my glass with a spoon. Suddenly entered armed men, wet and discourteous, Tom Wessels smiling nervously in the background.

"Where is that minutely particularized person—Glass?" said the sergeant of the picket.

"'Ere!' The Marine rose to the strictest of attentions. "An' it's no good smellin' of my breath, because I'm strictly an' ruinously sober."

"Ho! An' what may you have been doin' with yourself?"

"Listenin' to tracts. You can look! I've had the evenin' of my little life. Lead on to the Curnucopia's midmost dunjin' cell. There's a crowd of brass-att'd blighters there which will say I've been absent without leaf. Never mind. I've been 'em before—and. The evenin' of my life, an' please don't forget it."

Then in a tone of ingratiating apology to me: "I soaked it all in be'ind my shut eyes. 'Im—he jerked a contemptuous thumb toward Mr. Pycroft—" 'e's a flat-foot, a indigo-blue matlow. 'E never saw no fun in it from first to last. A mournful beggar—most depressin'." Private Glass departed, leaning heavily on the escort's arm.

Mr. Pycroft wrinkled his brows in thought—the profound and far-reaching meditation that follows five glasses of hot whiskey-and-water. "Well, I don't see anything comical in it—much—except 'ere an' there. Specially about those redooched charges in the guns. Do you see anything funny in it?"

There was that in his eye which warned me the night was too wet for argument.

"No, Mr. Pycroft, I don't," I replied. "It was a beautiful tale, and I thank you very much."



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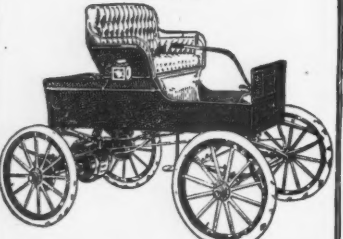
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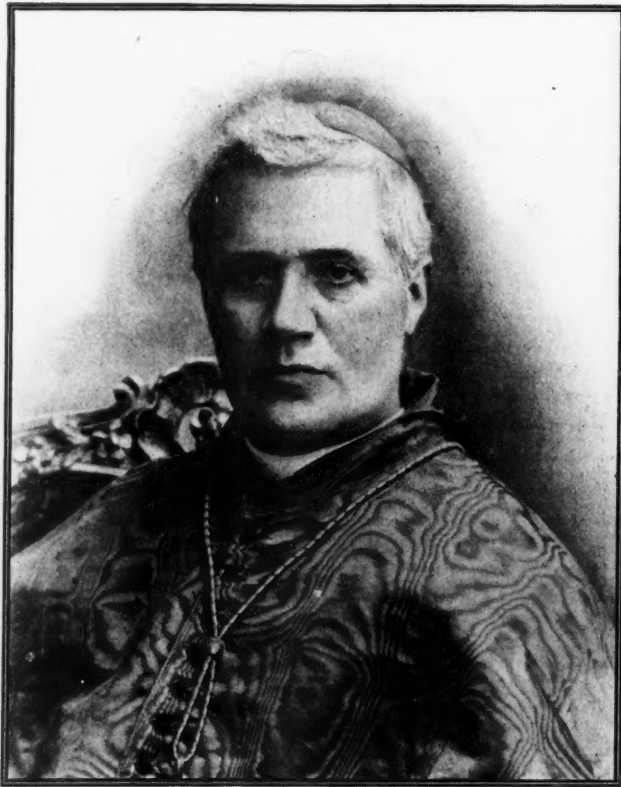


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POPE PIUS X

STANDING remote from the eddying conflict of political rivalries among the cardinals in conclave, almost wholly disregarded in the clamor of conjecture and prediction, Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, became the successor of Leo XIII, as a compromise candidate, a choice dignified and acceptable to the vast intricacy of interests the world over. The election was a climax profoundly dramatic, when the towering prince of the Roman Catholic Church, Rampolla and Vannutelli, stepped aside to admit to the Papal throne the figure of a peasant's son, one of whose sisters is a dressmaker, another married to a pedler, and whose elder brother is a village postman of Mantua.

An Unexpected Honor

The new Pope had so little expectation of his election that he had bought a return ticket to Venice—a prosaic detail dignified by the later event—and when the result of the decisive ballot was made known, he almost succumbed to the weight of amazed agitation. He was chosen as a compromise only in the yielding of extreme views in Church matters, and not in the sacrifice of merit and high qualities of personality and reputation. As soon as those intimately acquainted with the current of opinion had opportunity to take measure of the crowding events of the last few weeks, it was remembered that Cardinal Sarto had been close to the heart of Leo XIII, who knew the man and his works so well that he had named him as his most probable successor. As recently as April, the departed Pope said to Perosi, the Italian composer, in speaking of Cardinal Sarto: "Hold him very dear, Perosi, as in the future he will be able to do much for you. We firmly believe he will be our successor."

In his last interview with Cardinal Sarto, the late Pope is also reported to have said, in referring to his own approaching end and the succession to the Pontificate: "You may perhaps be that man. We know, my son, that you would be in a position to render great service to the Church, for you possess qualities which would render you precious to her."

In the aftermath of discussion, the remembrance of these prophetic utterances brought up anew the widely quoted predictions of the twelfth-century Archbishop, Saint Malachy, and although it is always much easier to fit such vaticinations after than before the event, an astonishing exactitude was discovered in the application of the ancient manuscript to the election of Cardinal Sarto. The motto aimed at the successor of Leo XIII was "ignis ardens," the flaming or blazing fire.

Prophecy Fulfilled

There were other and more prominent candidates, in whose coats-of-arms were found such devices, or whose names suggested a fulfillment. But in the shield of Cardinal Sarto is a blazing star shining over the waves of the sea, with an anchor resting on the shore, and as Patriarch of Venice, the star of the new Pope shone from the sea with singular appropriateness. It was remembered, also, that he was elected on the feast of Saint Dominic, who has been one of the favored patron saints of Pius X, and in whose crest there is the "ignis ardens." In addition, the prophecies of Saint Malachy have often pointed to events linked with the advent of the Popes, and the appearance of Borelli's comet, coincident with the great events in

Rome, is at least interesting with reference to the "ignis ardens."

The life of Cardinal Sarto was bound up in his religious and administrative work, as fruitful as it was unostentatious. After one of his few visits to Rome, the magnificence and ceremony of the Papal court inspired on his return home the comment: "When I am there, I feel like a fish out of water."

His career had seldom touched the complicated political relations of the Church, and in casting about for straws to indicate his probable course of action with respect to the relations of the Vatican and the Quirinal, the few incidents worth discussion were not conclusive. It was recalled that he had shown an impressive independence in a controversy with the Italian Government over his appointment to the patriarchal see of Venice, a question of privilege regarding the disposal of that office which was decided in favor of the Vatican. On the other hand, the relations of Cardinal Sarto with King Humbert and with Victor Emmanuel have been most friendly.

When the present King visited Venice not long ago, he gave orders that if Cardinal Sarto should call, he should be admitted before all others, and in the former reign, when Pope Leo requested the Cardinal not to attend a gala court function in Venice, the Patriarch disobeyed and explained to Humbert that his presence was in opposition to the wishes of the Pope.

The Papal Policy.

Whatever trend time may develop as the policy of the new Pope, it is agreed that his reign holds auspicious promise, based on the uprightness, liberality, and robust individuality of the Holy Father, who takes his high office free from all political entanglements. His life story is one of simple yet shining performance of duty. His whole career has been that of a parish priest, who rose to be Bishop and then Archbishop.

He has none of the diplomatic or court experience of the ex-nuncios and cardinals of the Curia. He is venerated in his diocese as a saintly man whose whole life has been given to the care of his flock. His first appointment after ordination was as assistant priest in a small village named Tombola, where he remained from 1858 to 1867. Then he was promoted to a pastorate, during which time he did more to spread the work of the St. Vincent de Paul fraternity throughout Italy than any other prelate. In 1875, he was made Chancellor of a diocese and spiritual director of the Salcano Theological Seminary. Promotion came fast, until in 1886 he was made Bishop of Mantua, and remained there nine years, during which he led a life as abstemious and self-sacrificing as the poorest parish priest. As Patriarch of Venice, he mingled more freely and sympathetically with the poor of his spiritual kingdom than had any of his predecessors. In 1893, Pope Leo bestowed on him the red hat of the Cardinalate, and on that occasion Pope Leo presented him with one of the costliest pectoral crosses that could be fashioned, as a token of uncommon affection and admiration. In appearance, Pius X, who becomes Pope at the age of sixty-eight, is a vigorous, healthy man, with the enthusiasm and strength of one much younger than himself. He is said to bear a striking resemblance to Archbishop Farley of New York. His singularly handsome face seldom lacks a pleasant smile, and his fresh and almost youthful features contrast strikingly with a heavy mane of silvery hair.

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Caught Napping

WHILE Dan Fitch was sweating and fuming over a loose eccentric set-screw and refractory monkey-wrench, the conductor came ahead with an order to meet train 37 at "Carlton's." Dan heard him read as far as, "Meet train 37—" and then the wrench slipped, skinning his knuckles. The rest of the order was drowned in his flow of language, but it was one that he got there every night, only it always had read "Bennets" before. To-night, the meeting-point had been changed from the foot to the top of the four-mile hill; but Dan hadn't noticed that.

The thought of that set-screw worried him as he rode along. He knew he hadn't set it up any too well, and he expected the eccentric to slip any minute. The rules required him to pull up to the far end of the siding and back in, but he wouldn't trust her to go any further than was absolutely necessary, until he could get another hack at that set-screw. He slowed down and sent the brakeman ahead to open the switch, and pulled in; then he got under her and didn't leave the job till he was satisfied with it. Train 37 passed in due season and he went on.

It has been said that every despatcher will have his wreck if he stays at the business long enough.

In this case, 37—a livestock train—made much better time than the despatcher had expected her to. As it would delay her to wait at Carlton's for 82 to pound all the way up the long hill, he changed the meeting-point back to Bennets. And right there he made the inexplicable mistake of issuing the order to 37 before stopping 82. Then when he called the last telegraph station where he could reach 82, he was dismayed to learn that she had passed there three minutes before—nor could he now reach 37. They were bound to meet about in the middle of the hill, where Jabe Sellers would have an everlasting good swing on his stock train.

Realizing that his usefulness was ended, the despatcher ordered out the wrecking train, sending it to the station where he had failed to catch 82, for further orders. Jabe was jouncing along with his stock train, taking mighty long steps for home—supposedly on a clear track—when, to his astonishment and dismay, he collided with the wreck train in a cut.

Here was an incomprehensible riddle, further complicated by Jabe's report that he had passed train 82 in the siding at Bennets.

Dan was no less puzzled than the others, when he heard of the wreck, and was ordered to report at headquarters, bringing all his orders of the last trip.

"Why did you go in at Bennets?" was the old man's first question.

"To fulfil my orders," replied Dan, in evident distress.

"Lemme see that order. What does C-a-r-l-t-o-n's spell?"

Dan flushed and fidgeted with his hat, standing on first one foot and then the other, and finally stammered out: "B-bennets, I guess."

"Bennets you guess; don't ye know?" the old man thundered.

"No, sir."

"Well, why don't ye?"

Big Dan seemed about to faint, as he mumbled in a scarcely audible tone: "I can't read, sir."

"W-h-a-a-t?"

"Yes, sir, that's right," said Dan.

"And how in the name of Heaven have you managed to run trains on this single-track road for the last dozen years or more, if you can't read orders or time-tables?"

Then followed a confession, probably the most amazing ever made to a railroad superintendent. During the many years he had been on the road, as brakeman, fireman and engineer, Dan Fitch had guarded the secret of his illiteracy with marvellous cunning. Being entirely dependent upon his memory, he had cultivated that faculty to an abnormal degree. His wife read the new time-tables to him until he could repeat them from memory, and after that he knew the location of every train on the road at every minute in the twenty-four hours. He would hang around the bulletin-board daily, skillfully manipulating the conversation so as to draw from others the gist of the orders posted thereon. He could sign his name, but that was all.

He was too good a man to discharge if it could be avoided, so the superintendent told him to lay off and learn to read.

Thirty days later Dan reported his inability to conquer even the alphabet. He was reinstated, and all conductors were required to read his orders to him until he repeated them verbatim, and his firemen were told to read them to him again just before they were to be fulfilled.

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A CASE OF THE INEVITABLE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by Anna E. Rice

MISS WENTWORTH rose earlier than usual that morning. She was always an early riser, but even her careful economy of time seldom called for this gray, chilly hour of four. She prepared her frugal breakfast with neat celerity and ate it with decorous precision as to manners, though her motions betrayed unwonted haste. Then she swept and scrubbed the already spotless kitchen floor, and scoured the dishpans into mimic mirrors.

In the sitting-room and the sombre parlor, she gently brushed the dustless surfaces of the tables and chairs with a square of cheesecloth having a buttonholed edge of pale-blue worsted, after which she ascended the front stairs to her chamber. Here she pounded and patted and smoothed the feather-bed and pillows into proper puffiness, and put away her gray bedroom slippers that lay, heels together and toes out, on the floor at the foot of the bed.

It was ten o'clock before Miss Wentworth had reduced the little cottage to a satisfactory state of spotless nicety. Then she drew a long breath and sat down to read, for the fifth time, a letter that she took from her pocket. Her nostrils dilated and her cheeks deepened in color as she read:

"BEGGAR'S CREEK, COL. May 15, 1900.

"DEAR LITTLE WOMAN—Though it's been some time since you've heard from me, yet I'm sure you hain't forgot me, for you was a wonderful faithful little girl when I left you twenty years ago.

"Well, Jane, I've made my pile and I'm coming home to you. Have you waited for me? I ain't saying but what twenty years is a good while to ask any girl to wait, and I ain't saying that I've been as good to write as I might have been. But your picture has gone with me always wherever I've been, Jane, and, well it's kinder helped to keep me the man I know you'd want me to be.

"Luck was dead against me—let me see, when did you get my last letter anyhow? I reckon you hain't heard nothing since the fall of ninety-five. Well, as I said, luck was dead against me until I struck it rich a year ago. There's more to be had if I stay, but I'm lonesome, Jane. I need you. I want to get back to God's country again. I'm coming home.

"I'm forty now, little woman. Did you know it? I am, sure thing. Have you got a kiss waiting for an old feller like that, a kiss as sweet as the one you gave the twenty-year-old youngster long ago? I'm going to come and see. I oughter get there sometime the twenty-seventh. What if I should find you married? But then, I won't.

"Good-by till then, NED GARNER."

And to-day was the twenty-seventh!

A wave of vivid color surged over Jane Wentworth's face and neck, and the coarsely written sheets fluttered in her hands. Of course, she was glad—she must be—people were always glad when their lovers came to see them. And—Mr. Garner had been gone so long, too; it would be very uncivil not to give him a warm welcome. But she didn't believe she ever could call him "Ned." Was it possible she had done that in the past? She might venture on "Edward," but "Ned"—! And that kiss, too! Miss Wentworth caught her breath with a little gasp and looked furtively around the room. But he expected it—he said he did; she wouldn't want to be uncivil—and to a guest!

After a very early dinner, Miss Wentworth made a careful toilet. She looked long and attentively into her little mirror, and wistfully smoothed with her fingers two tiny wrinkles between her eyebrows. She fastened a blue ribbon bow at her throat after spending fifteen minutes trying to decide whether that or a red one was the more becoming.

She had scarcely finished dressing when a resounding peal of her front-door bell startled her into breathless agitation. Her trembling limbs almost refused to do her bidding, but she managed to reach the door and timidly turn the knob. A moment later, flushed and frightened, she emerged from a crushing embrace to find a big, bronze-bearded man holding her two limp hands.

"It's Jane, the same Jane—only twenty years better!" he exclaimed joyfully; and the woman felt a stinging remorse lashing her into a proper appreciation of this strong man's love. "Ah, Jane, it is good to see ye, now—sure enough!" said the big fellow a moment later, settling himself as comfortably as possible in the limited capacity of the largest chair the room contained.

The chair creaked ominously with its unusual burden, and Miss Wentworth started in some apprehension. "It's—it's good to see you, too, Mr. Garner," she murmured timidly.

"Mr. Garner," repeated the man in huge disgust—"Mr. Garner!" Why, Jane are ye goin' to hold me off at the end of a "mister"?"

"Well—Edward, then," corrected Jane faintly.

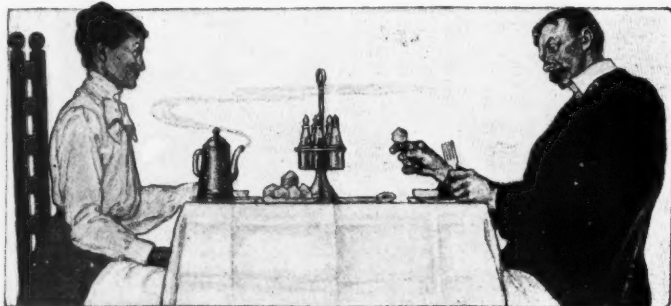
Ned Garner laughed—a laugh that filled the room to overflowing, and caused Miss Wentworth to jump nervously.

"You dear little piece of propriety!" he exclaimed. "Is that all yer goin' to call me when we're married?"

"Married!" gasped Jane.

He was grave at once.

"Jane, have I come East to find an unwillin' pardner? Didn't ye know what I wanted? Didn't—but it's



"Well, little pardner, these ain't much like our sinkers, sure enough!"

nothin' but what I might have known," he added bitterly; "I am old, and battered, and no sort o' good. You don't love me—and no wonder!"

"Indeed, indeed I do," insisted the remorseful Jane quickly, "but it's so—sudden!" unconsciously hesitating over the trite phrase.

A sombre smile flickered across Ned Garner's face. "Sudden, dear? There ain't many what would call a twenty-one-year courtship 'sudden,' I'm thinkin'."

Miss Wentworth was plainly disturbed. This big man—her guest—did not look happy. The fault lay clearly in herself. She must make amends.

"Yes, I know; but I have lost you for quite a while, you see," she explained anxiously. "I have lived all alone since mother died, and I've grown silly and nervous. I—I shall get used to—to you right away, I'm sure."

Garner smiled contentedly.

"That's all right, little woman—take yer time," he said, emphasizing his words with gentle pats of his great fingers on the slim little hand that rested on the arm of the sofa near him. "We'll soon have ye out of this bird's nest of a house. I'm goin' to have a shack of my own. I thought up on the hill by Squire Green's would be a purty good place to stake a claim. Purty good location, don't you think? What d'ye say?"



The bedclothes lay in a worm-like roll across the sheet

"What, leave here?"—Jane's voice was full of horror. "Why, I reckon so," answered Garner in surprise. "You don't expect me to come and camp here, do ye, dear?"

Jane turned a griefed face away.

"Very well, you need not, if you do not wish to; but—with great firmness—"I shall certainly stay here to the end of my days. I could never be happy anywhere else. It's—it's a very dear bird's-nest to me," she finished with quivering lips.

Ned Garner was amazed, and he was not pleased. Something strained sharply within him, but his tones were even when he spoke.

"Well, well—no offence was meant, little pardner. I s'posed all women liked new houses and things. I

reckon there ain't nothin' to hinder our stayin' here—that is, if you'll let me buy a new chair for myself—a big strong chair!" he added, as the one beneath him gave another warning creak.

Miss Wentworth joined in his merry laugh, and it cleared the atmosphere as nothing else could have done. Before he left her that afternoon, she had timidly consented to a speedy marriage, but he had not reached his hotel before she was frightened at what she had done, and wished she could take back her word.

Suddenly she spied on the floor where Ned Garner's feet had rested two little mounds of dirt tracked in from the street. It was the work of a moment to produce dustpan and brush, and carefully remove the unwelcome intrusion; and it was while on her hands and knees that she saw the glove on the floor—a big, strong-looking glove, like the man who dropped it.

Miss Wentworth gazed at that glove in strange fascination, then she picked it up gingerly and dropped it on the table. How queer it looked beside the blue-and-gold books of poems and her photograph album! How would it seem to have such things around all the time—gloves, and boots, and—things!

Miss Wentworth gasped and reached a hesitating hand for the interloper. She peeped inside its mysterious depths, and sniffed daintily at the leather. Ugh!—tobacco! She had almost dropped the offending thing, when a great rip in the finger caught her eye. Her woman's heart responded at once. Poor fellow! No wonder he wanted some one to care for him! And after all—he was a nice big man—good to have round the house—burglars and tramps would not dare to come! She smoothed the glove tenderly and carried it off to be mended.

The next few weeks passed quickly. The modest trousseau and the plans for a wedding trip occupied all of Miss Wentworth's attention. She was frightened and nervous at times, but the big man soothed and comforted her, and seemed himself to take things so easily and so much as a matter of course, that she was little by little reassured.

The wedding was a quiet one in the church where Jane was baptized thirty-eight years before, and Mr. and Mrs. Garner left on the afternoon train for New York. Jane never forgot that wedding journey. She had travelled but little in the past years of her life, but she suddenly discovered an unexpected love for it, and her husband, rejoicing in her pleasure, would have prolonged the trip indefinitely, but at the end of a month Jane's slumbering conscience awoke, and she declared that she had been absent from her house and her church work quite long enough. She must go home at once—and home they went.

The little vine-covered cottage looked beautiful to Jane, but oh, the dust within! She waged a prompt and energetic warfare on this accumulated iniquity before she had been in the house ten minutes. Her husband fled in dismay, nor did he return until the pangs of an empty stomach sent him back.

He marvelled at the dainty supper he found awaiting him, though he remembered that Jane had insisted on stopping at the corner grocery on the way home. He praised the light tea-biscuit, and there was a quizzical smile on his face as he deftly balanced one of the white puffy things on his forefinger and held it up on a level with his eyes.

"Well, little pardner, these ain't much like our sinkers, sure enough!"

"Sinkers?" queried Jane with uplifted eyebrow. "Yes; skillet bread—baked in a kettle, or like as not in a gold-pan, if that's any handier," he explained, with a short laugh at Jane's growing horror as his meaning became clear to her.

He expressed his unqualified approval of the fragrant coffee, too, but he followed his wife with thoughtful eyes as she washed the supper dishes. "Oh, I say, Jane, you oughter have a girl to do that kind of work," he finally said with decision.

Mrs. Garner sniffed disdainfully.

"A girl?—me? I wouldn't have one round! Edward, there's some dirt on your shoes. I wish you'd take the brush out in the woodshed and clean them."

A slow red crept over the man's cheek. By the time he opened the kitchen door the color had reached his forehead. He said nothing and closed the door gently behind him.

It was five o'clock the next morning when Jane stole softly out of bed and dressed herself in her familiar work-gown. An hour and a half later, she was fidgeting nervously about the kitchen, hovering between the stove and a daintily laid breakfast-table. Twice she went to the foot of the stairs and listened anxiously. The second time she spoke. "Edward!" No reply. "Edward!" a little louder. Still silence. "Ed—ward! Breakfast is spoiling. I do wish you'd come down!"

A thump of bare feet on the floor above shook the house. "Yes, yes, my dear, I'm a-comin'," replied a voice full of sleep and contrition. "I'm sure, I—I beg yer pardon!"

In a surprisingly short time the owner of the voice appeared—not very well groomed, perhaps, but with an evident attempt at looking very much awake.

"I'm sorry I kept ye waitin', little woman, but ye see, I've had to turn out so blamed early all my life that now it seems mighty good to lie abed."

Jane looked troubled.

"I know, dear—that's why I let you sleep."
 "Let me sleep?" he murmured in stupid repetition.
 Jane nodded. "Yes, I delayed breakfast a half-hour."
 Her husband pulled out his watch.
 "But it's quarter of seven!"
 "Well, three-quarters of an hour, then," corrected Jane, smilingly.
 Ned Garner's lower jaw dropped.
 "Do ye mean t' say that six o'clock is yer regular breakfast time, Jane?" he asked in dismay.
 "I certainly do," she declared with reddening cheeks.
 "I think it's healthy to get up early, and I always approved of it."

The man flushed with anger, then his countenance changed and he laughed good-humoredly.
 "All right, little pardner, I'll be a martyr to the cause. We'll be healthy, and you shall have yer breakfast whenever ye like."
 "No, it shall be late—very late—just when you wish. It shall be at seven o'clock," asserted the remorseful wife in a burst of selfishness; and from that day she, down in the kitchen, fumed and fretted in distressed idleness over the "wasted morning hour," while upstairs he, in equal perturbation, valiantly tried to wake himself up for Jane's "late breakfast."

When Jane went upstairs to the bedroom that first morning, she stopped just inside the door with a cry of dismay. The window, indeed, was properly open, but the bedclothes lay in a worm-like roll across the sheet, just as her husband had left them. A coat and vest adorned the back of one chair, and a pair of slippers the seat of another, while her dressing-case was covered with an array of very masculine-looking collars and ties.

"Edward," said Mrs. Garner to her husband at the dinner-table that day, "don't they have—er—bureaus for—men?"

"They certainly do—sure thing," replied the man, with a slight quivering of his eyelid.

"Well—I want one."

Ned Garner laughed outright.

"I told ye, little woman, the shack wa'n't big enough for me. 'Most ready to have another one?"

Jane shook her head decidedly.

Late that afternoon a pretty chiffoniere, of her husband's choosing, was added to the furniture of her room. With the chiffoniere came a big morris-chair which Ned wheeled into the sitting-room. Two hours later, it was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, I say, Jane, where's my chair?" he questioned, with frowning brow.

"Your new chair?"

"Sure, the one I bought this afternoon."

"Why, in the parlor, of course."

"But, Jane, I bought that chair to sit in," remonstrated the man gently, "and you've shut up the parlor and say it's too good to use."

"You didn't mean to sit in that brand-new chair every day!" exclaimed his wife in unfeigned amazement.

"Well, I reckon I did," affirmed Garner, as he walked into the gloomy parlor and trundled the chair out from its imprisonment.

When he had wheeled his new possession up to the little centre-table where the lamp would shine to best advantage, he settled himself luxuriously, and opened his paper with a sigh of content. By and by he stirred uneasily and glanced with evident apprehension at his wife. Then he got up and walked aimlessly around the room. Finally he came back to his seat with new determination on his face. From one pocket he took a cigar, from another a match. At the telltale scratch, Jane looked up in consternation.

"Why, Edward!"

"Yes, dear," puff—puff.

"Have you always smoked?"

"As long as I can remember," puff—puff.

A fleeting thought of something she had read brought a wrinkle of anxiety to Jane's forehead.

"Does—does it make folks sick if they leave off smoking suddenly—all at once?"

"It does—sure thing!" asserted the man with wicked alacrity.

"Well, Edward, then I wish you'd go out in the kitchen and smoke until—until you get so you can stop entirely."

"Do ye mean yer ain't willin' that I should smoke here, Jane?" he asked gravely, suddenly sitting bolt upright. Jane nodded, with pink cheeks, and her husband rose slowly and left the room. Cut in the kitchen he sat on a hard chair, pondering many things.



He leaned back contentedly and watched the blue-gray smoke

It was the next evening that he missed his paper which he had laid on the table an hour before.

"My paper, dear—you hain't seen it anywhere round, have ye?" he asked.

"Yes; you will find it on the top shelf of the kitchen cupboard," replied Jane with a pleasant smile.

"But—I hain't read it!"

"I know it; that's why I saved it. It's perfectly safe there."

"I should think likely 'twas," he acknowledged dryly. "But ain't the top shelf in the kitchen cupboard kind of a queer place to keep the daily paper in, Jane?"

The little woman's figure stiffened, and her lips twitched.

"It's where our family has always kept papers, Mr. Garner." Then she glanced at the man's disturbed face and relented a bit. "We might keep them on the lower shelf, Edward."

Ned laughed.

"Thank ye, dear. Er—you wouldn't want 'em in here, I s'pose," he suggested mildly.

"Well, they do clutter up so; yet, of course, if you want them—"

"No, I don't, Jane—indeed I don't!" interrupted the man quickly.

Jane's face cleared.

"All right, dear, I'm glad you don't mind; and, Ed—"

ward, when you get the paper, I wish you'd please brush your shoes a little—they look dirty."

Mrs. Garner frequently remarked to herself these days that she didn't see how a man could "leave things round so." She spent her time in one endless task of picking up after her husband. The poor man tried to whip himself into an orderly being; but his wife's lofty standard of precision was in the dim and distant unattainable for him.

She had one particular spot on the table for the salt, and another for the sugar, and she utterly refused to allow the vinegar and the pepper to be changed from their regular orbits in the revolving caster. A chair out of place brought a look of real distress to her countenance, and tracks on her clean kitchen floor brought tears to her eyes.

One day, Ned, going quietly up to the bedroom, found his wife sitting on the floor surrounded by the five drawers of his chiffoniere. Her face expressed weary despair as she gazed at the confusion around her. She did not see her husband standing in the door, and he watched her for some time as she tried to bring possible order out of impossible chaos; then he turned and went softly downstairs.

That night he told her that he was going West on business, and that he would leave the next morning. His kiss at parting was a tender one, and after he had reached the door, he came back and leaned over her low chair again. "Good-by, little pardner. I'll—I'll write ye by-m-by."

Jane rose early the next morning and swept the house from garret to cellar. She sang blithely about her work until it suddenly occurred to her that her husband was gone and wives did not sing when dearly loved husbands had just left them; she went at once into the parlor and gazed remorsefully at the big empty chair which a little while before she had wheeled out of the sitting-room.

By and by she went upstairs to her room and pounded and patted and smoothed the feather-bed and pillows into proper puffiness, and put away her gray bedroom slippers that lay, heels together and toes out, on the floor at the foot of the bed. There were no coats on the chair-backs nor shoes on the chair-seats, and the room was guiltless of masculine collars and ties; something within her thrilled with delight at the spotless order.

A few days later Jane received a letter:

"BEGGAR'S CREEK, COL. Sept. 12, 1900.

"DEAR LITTLE PARDNER—I'm back here in my old shack on the hills, Jane. I think mebbe it's just as well if I don't come East again yet a while, dear. We belong to each other, I know, but somehow we don't seem to have found it out yet. My ways ain't your ways, and your ways ain't mine. I reckon I felt something like a broncho what's hitched into a buggy, and I was 'fraid I'd smash things sure if I stayed in harness any longer. So I come away."

"I reckon we was too old to learn new ways of living, Jane, but mebbe sometime we will be so old we won't mind things. Mebbe sometime you'll want me. If you do, I'll come, sure thing. I reckon it was all a mistake."

"Always yours, NED GARNER."

"P.S.—I forgot to say, dear, there is a lot of dust in the bank there in your name. Use it—use it all. There is more where that come from. N. G."

"P.S. again.—As I wrote them letters—N—G—, I couldn't help thinking they was me all over. N—G—no good. I never thought of it before, but it's blamed true. NED."

As Jane turned the last page of her letter, a man in a lonely cabin in the far West stretched himself comfortably in a worn "sleepy-hollow" chair, and carelessly tossed his newspaper on the disorderly table at his side. Then he leaned back contentedly, and watched the blue-gray smoke curling above his head as he pulled at his old, well-stained pipe.

AS THE GERMANS SEE US



„Kieler“ Besuch und Warmer Empfang
 (A Cool Visit and a Warm Reception)
 FROM THE BERLIN "LUSTIGE BLÄTTER"

THE ALLEGED and real faults and foibles of Uncle Sam furnish one of the favorite subjects of the cartoonists and caricaturists of Europe. In this there is nothing peculiar. The nations of the world are like boys in school. No weakness or peculiarity can escape their eyes. Ridicule is the means employed for mutual correction. In that process of character-molding no consideration for the feelings of the victims is ever shown. The lash is applied with cold-hearted indifference, and the fun is in seeing the victim wince. The mellow humor of a riper age, which laughs without condemning, is foreign to the temper of youth.

If a new boy appears—an awkward fellow, long of limb, lank of body, ignorant of the etiquette of the playground, and humbled by his feeling of lonesomeness—what more natural than that the older boys greet him with jest and gibe? But they are merely amusing themselves until the newcomer, goaded beyond endurance, seizes one of his tormentors and gives him a good licking in spite of his superiority of years and manners. From that moment the situation is changed. Disdain is turned into hatred and the bitterness of fear.

Some such situation has to be fancied to explain the attitude of the Old-World nations toward Uncle Sam. He is a new boy as yet in the world's great school! The other pupils have learned to fear but not to love him. The inborn distrust is enhanced by the experience they have already had of his young strength.

And then, he is so different from them—in manners, in moods, in ways of thinking and looking at things. Lack of sympathy, born out of lacking comprehension, lends a sting to every joke they crack at his expense.

They know his faults, of course, however ignorant they may be of his merits. On the least provocation, they are ready to take him to task for his youthful arrogance and a self-sufficiency which they pretend to be wholly unwarranted in fact. It is nevertheless impossible to read European, and espe-



Wer ist gefährlicher?
 (Which is the More Dangerous?)
 FROM THE BERLIN "ULK"

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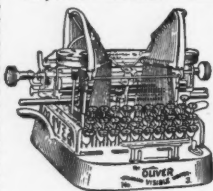
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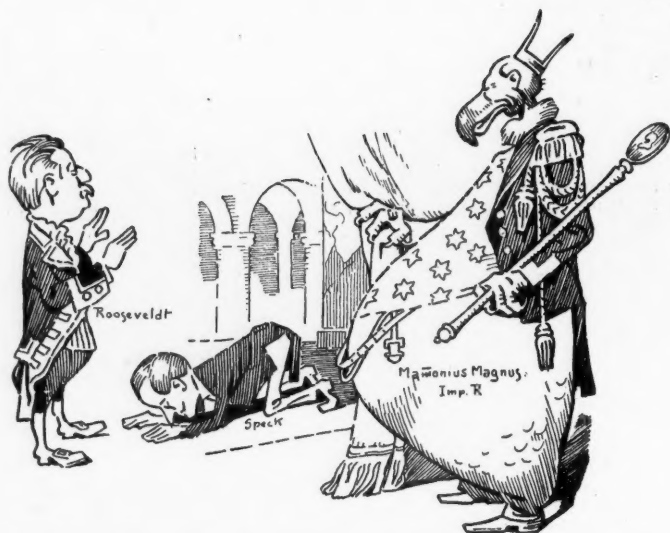
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"In a moment of pardonable embarrassment, our new Ambassador to the North American court suffers the small mishap of taking the first servant of his Majesty for the mightiest ruler in the world himself."—From the Berlin "Kladderadatsch."

cially German, humorous publications without becoming aware of the jealousy that underlies and directs the superficial sneer. No other sentiment will explain the subjoined caricature of Uncle Sam choking on a slice of the globe. "Neue Glühlichter" heads it "The American Danger," and appends this legend to it: "However, Uncle Sam will probably find it rather difficult to swallow the whole earth."

One view of the American nation and the spirit supposed to be guiding it that recurs again and again in European papers, is represented by the above cartoon from the Berlin "Kladderadatsch." It shows the German Ambassador, Baron Speck von Sternburg, prostrate at the feet of the mildly protesting President, who is decked out in the gorgeous livery of a royal flunky, while from behind a curtain the scene is watched by the real ruler, his Imperial Majesty, Mammon the Great. The words printed beneath the cartoon place its purport beyond all doubt: "In a moment of pardonable embarrassment, our new Ambassador to the North American court suffers the small mishap of taking the first servant of his Majesty for the mightiest ruler in the world himself."

Depressingly pointless and unwarranted by facts is this comment of a German jackie on the Kiel visit of the North Atlantic Squadron, printed in "Simplicissimus": "War at last!" the jackie exclaims ironically. "The Americans are shooting off abuse, and we are replying with invitations."

It should be noticed in this and many similar instances that the cartoonist is wielding a double-edged weapon. The open attack on Uncle Sam is made the excuse for a poorly veiled attack on the present German Government or the Kaiser himself. Nearly all the "funny" papers of Germany are in the hands of the liberal opposition, and are constantly brought into action against its political enemies, who are charged with catering to the detested Yankees. Every display of friendliness toward Uncle Sam by official Germany is made the starting-point for a series of bitter attacks, which rise into triumphant howls of derision when the object of the overture insists on maintaining an attitude of reserve. The Emperor's pressing of the statue of Frederick the Great as a gift on this nation and our cold reception of the Imperial

the German troops are drilling, "what do you want anyhow? You have a wonderful site for the statue of Frederick the Great right here."

The Kiel incident is treated by "Lustige Blätter" in a less acrid spirit, the caption to the cartoon containing a pun on the Low German pronunciation of the adjective "kühl"—Kiel. "A cool visit and a warm reception," it means.

Reference to Admiral Dewey and his slighting estimate of the German navy is again made by "Ulk" in the cartoon which pic-



"However, Uncle Sam will probably find it rather difficult to swallow the whole earth."—From the Vienna "Glühlichter."

tures Dewey as an angry, barking dog, while to the complimentary Admiral Melville is given the shape of a coaxing pussy. "American Admirals as Critics of the German Navy" is the heading. For legend serves the simple question: "Which is the more dangerous?"

The German attitude in all these instances is unmistakable. The object is to hit and to hurt. International etiquette may be handled rather nonchalantly, but literary and artistic decencies are observed at least. When even these are disregarded in order to get a dig at Uncle Sam, then the American can only stare and wonder at the depth of the hostility shown, unaware as he is of having given sufficient provocation for it.

A characteristic specimen of the kind of production just now referred to was furnished by "Ulk" recently in the form of a poem, or alleged poem, headed "The Invincible Fleet." This piece of writing was wholly worthless from a literary point of view. Its one and only justification was that it contained a more than usually malicious attack on the Americans. Only a literal prose translation can do full justice to the extent of that maliciousness and to the childish way in which it was expressed. Here follow a few stanzas purporting to describe the fleet of Admiral Cotton:

Kearsarge, the awful ironclad
(In Germany may be found better ones),
Of newest type (to farmers and gardeners,
But not to people who know something about it).

Then San Francisco and Chicago—
(World-cities possessed of immeasurable riches
Which, unfortunately, are represented only by a
cruiser each)—
Two pearls, they swim on the great water
As two little pearls of sago in a plate of soup.

And Machias too, a ship with forms so noble
That no skiff on the Spruce can surpass them;
A cruiser, even if it be unprotected,
And capable of nearly 16 knots an hour!

O, Germany, look at these fire-spouting colossi;
Look at them, and tremble at the downfall of thy
fame.
Dewey told the truth in his cataract of talk—
Before this fleet thou standest dazed.

Northward lies the path of the Yankee ships.
Aegir opens wide his watery eyes
And rubs his salt-incrusted nose.
At last the ruler of the Baltic murmurs in his
beard:

To the devil with the friendly phrases!
Four wrecks—I have to hold my breath
Lest I blow them all to pieces!



A suggested gift from America to Germany:—Admiral Dewey's head for a bar spout.
From the Berlin "Ulk."

favor was "gefundenen fressen"—food found by the wayside—to the cartoonists. "Ulk" pretends in one of its issues that a number of similarly honored nations are contemplating return gifts. Uncle Sam is credited with sending "The Head of Mr. Dewey as a Spout."

In the same paper appeared a picture of Admiral Cotton in conversation with several German colleagues on the parade and drill ground at Kiel.

"But, my dear friend," the American remarks, pointing to the vast waste in which

Uncle Sam as a Fish Farmer



By Dr. Hugh M. Smith

THE Fish Commission of the United States has an anomalous position compared with the commissions of the different States and of foreign countries, in that it has no legislative or executive functions as regards the protection of fish. The sovereign States retain and exercise the right to legislate for their own waters, and are thus able to advantageously supplement their fish-cultural operations by the enforcement of appropriate restrictive measures. In the vast coast waters, in the Great Lakes, in the streams which form the boundaries of States, and in the rivers of the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, where limitations on fishing are either altogether lacking or are inadequate, the Government pursues most of its fish-cultural work, at the same time that it co-operates with the States in the stocking of ponds, lakes, and streams that are under their immediate control.

Distribution of the Hatcheries

The number of Government fish nurseries now operated is thirty-five, located in twenty-five States. The regions having the most important fisheries have the largest number of hatcheries. Two devoted to marine species are on the New England coast; eleven for the cultivation of river fishes are on the Eastern and Western seaboard; seven deal with the important species of the Great Lakes; and fifteen, at which chiefly trout and bass are reared, are in the interior regions. A large steamer is employed as a floating hatchery to supplement work on the Eastern rivers.

In the stocking of public waters, in order to make good the losses caused by overfishing, and to allow for the fatalities to which the planted fish are subject before reaching maturity, it is necessary to deal, not with thousands or millions of young fish, but with hundreds of millions and even thousands of millions. An examination of the official reports will disclose operations of such magnitude as to be almost beyond belief or comprehension. Thus, during the current fiscal year, the indications are that previous records will be surpassed, and two thousand million fish, hatched by a paternal government, will be turned loose to shift for themselves and ultimately to contribute to the food supply of the nation.

Upward of thirty different species are bred at the Government stations, but a very large part of the energy and resources of the Commission is applied to the great commercial species—the cod, the shad, the salmon, the whitefish, the lake trout, the wall-eyed pike, the flounder, and the lobster—the total annual catch being worth upward of seventeen millions of dollars, and one and three-quarter billions of young having been sometimes liberated in a single season. A very important feature of the fish-cultural work is that a large proportion of the eggs handled are taken from fish which have been caught for market, and hence would have been lost but for the Commission's efforts. In the case of the lobster, the shad, the lake trout, the pike, perch, and some other species, every egg taken, every fry hatched, represents a clear gain over nature.

The leading river fish of the Eastern seaboard is the shad. No other species has received so much attention from the fish-culturalist and none is now so dependent on artificial measures for its perpetuation. The great multiplication of all kinds of fishing appliances on the coast, in the bays, in the estuaries, and along the courses of the rivers results in the capture of a very large part of the run each season before the shad reach the spawning grounds, and hence the natural increase is seriously curtailed. The steady increase in the shad catch in the face of these most unfavorable conditions is conclusive evidence of the beneficial effects of artificial propagation. In 1880, prior to which year shad cultivation had been on a comparatively small basis, the total yield of this species from Maine to Florida was eighteen million pounds; during the four succeeding years the supply in many of the streams decreased to such an extent that the abandonment of the fishery, as a commercial enterprise, was imminent. From 1885, when the largely increased plants of fry began to produce results, until the present time, the trend of the fishery has been steadily upward. Against a product of eighteen million pounds, worth \$995,000, in 1880, is to be placed an annual catch of over fifty million pounds, valued at \$1,700,000.

Man Aids Nature

Man's influence on the fishes of the open sea is problematical, but there is no doubt of the effects of human intervention on the abundance of fishes and other animals which regularly frequent the bays and coastal waters, more especially the bottom-living species like the lobster, the cod, and the flounder. The utility of marine fish culture is scouted by some authorities in the United States and abroad, who, however, are willing to admit the injury done by overfishing. The United States Fish Commission has proceeded on the principle that the effects of man's improvidence may be counteracted by the

application of man's ingenuity and power in aiding nature. The ultimate success of cod culture on the New England and Middle Atlantic coast was, therefore, confidently expected, and the expectations have been more than realized, for very lucrative shore cod fishing has been established on grounds that were entirely depleted or that had never contained cod in noteworthy numbers in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. There is much unsolicited testimony of many people who have profited pecuniarily from the past ten years' hatching operations at Gloucester and Woods Hole stations.

The lobster should be and is a favorable animal with which to test the efficacy of marine fish culture, but it must be conceded that as yet no noteworthy results have attended the planting on the New England coast of many hundred millions of larval lobsters which would never have existed but for the efforts of the Fish Commission. The annual plants of fry, while large, are apparently not sufficient to offset the serious decline induced by incessant fishing and disregard for beneficent laws. An aspect of lobster culture which is now engaging the attention of the Commission's experts and promises to do much for the re-establishment of the lobster is the rearing of large numbers of the young to an age when they cease to be defenceless free-swimming creatures and assume the bottom habits of the adult.

The magnitude of the salmon fisheries of the Pacific States has required very extensive cultural measures to keep up the supply. Hatcheries have been established on tributaries of the Sacramento and the Columbia, in the Puget Sound region, and on some of the short coast rivers; here are taken the eggs of the royal chinook, and of the scarcely less royal blueback and steelhead, and here each year millions of young salmon are started on their way to the sea. While the influence of such work on the supply of salmon can not be doubted, it is not possible to distinguish the increases due to natural and to artificial propagation; but some striking evidence of the benefits arising from the hatchery operations has come from the experimental marking of the young salmon before liberation. The cost of producing and planting young salmon is under one dollar per thousand, while the value of the resulting fish caught by the fishermen is one hundred dollars (five cents per pound) for two thousand pounds actually taken. It is not claimed that such extraordinary results are regularly attained, but if the average outcome is only one-tenth as large as shown by these figures, then the salmon work of the Commission is yielding an annual return of one thousand per cent.

The Much-abused Carp

The best known, most widely distributed, and most important of the imported fishes is the carp, usually called the German carp, a native of Asia but cultivated for many centuries in Europe, whence there were brought to this country the improved varieties—the leather carp, blue carp, mirror carp, etc. The carp has received an extraordinary amount of newspaper criticism, mostly unfavorable, during recent years; no other fish, in fact, has come in for such vituperation. Without entering into an extended discussion of the carp question, and without undertaking to make any apology for the carp, it may be said that most of the attacks on its reputation have been unfair. The carp is a vegetable feeder and not dependent upon man for its sustenance. As an article of food, the better varieties rank in Europe with the trout, and bring the same price per pound.

The carp is one of the leading food-fishes of the United States. It is regularly exposed for sale in every large city and in innumerable small towns; it appears on the bills-of-fare of the best hotels and restaurants. In 1901, the carp catch of the country amounted to seventeen million pounds, for which the fishermen received about four hundred thousand dollars.

The transplanting of native fishes has been very successful and, in some cases, of extraordinary interest. The outcome of the experiments with a few species may be noted. Measures recently adopted for increasing the supply of food-fishes in the Great Lakes have included the introduction of the quinnat salmon and the steelhead trout from the Pacific Coast.

The most important acclimatization experiment with indigenous fishes has been the planting of the shad and the striped bass on the Pacific Coast. Comparatively small plants of young fish immediately took root and multiplied, and in a few years both species became abundant. The striped bass has not shown such a tendency to wander as the shad, and is still practically restricted to the tributaries of San Francisco Bay, where the original plants were made, although stragglers have from time to time appeared to the northward. The quantity of shad and striped bass caught and sold in the Pacific States now exceeds two and a half million pounds annually, and the incomes of the fishermen are augmented thereby to the extent of eighty thousand dollars. The expense of introducing these two fishes into Western waters was less than five thousand dollars.

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